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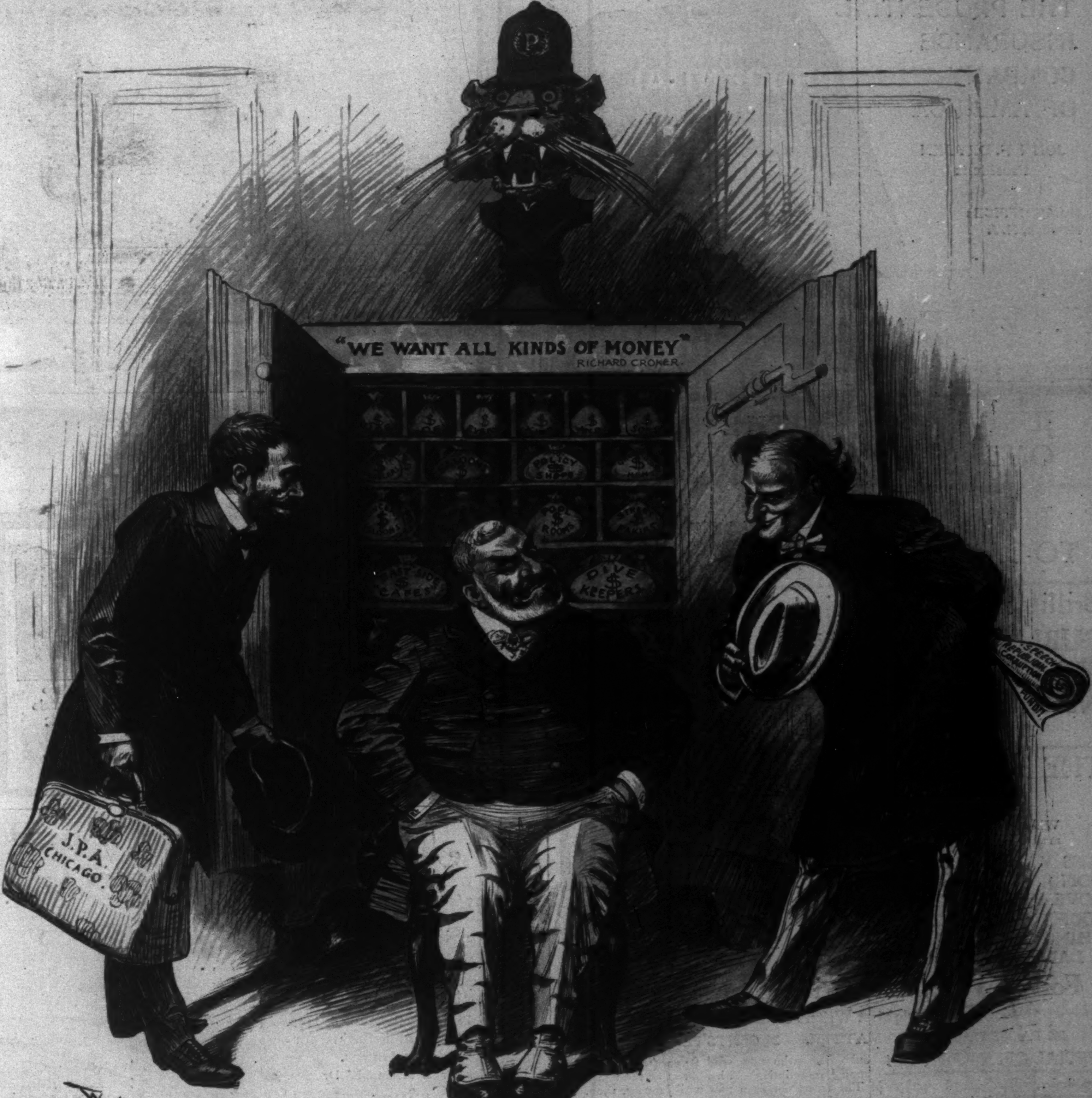
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization
NEW YORK OCTOBER 20:1900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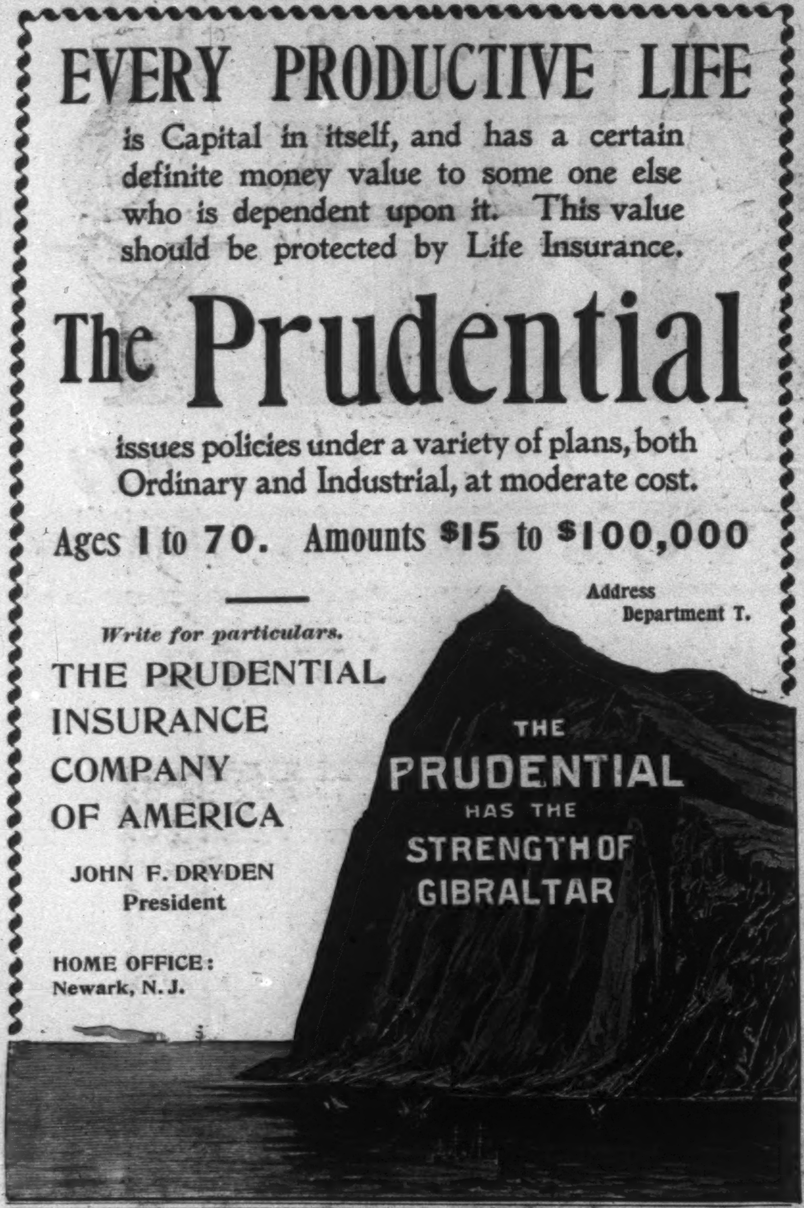
SHOCKED AT CORRUPTION

"I DO NOT SEE HOW IT IS POSSIBLE FOR THE PLAIN EVERY-DAY REPUBLICAN TO CLOSE HIS EYES TO WHAT IS GOING ON."—MR. BRYAN *in a Speech at Salem, Illinois, October 8.*



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

October 20
1900

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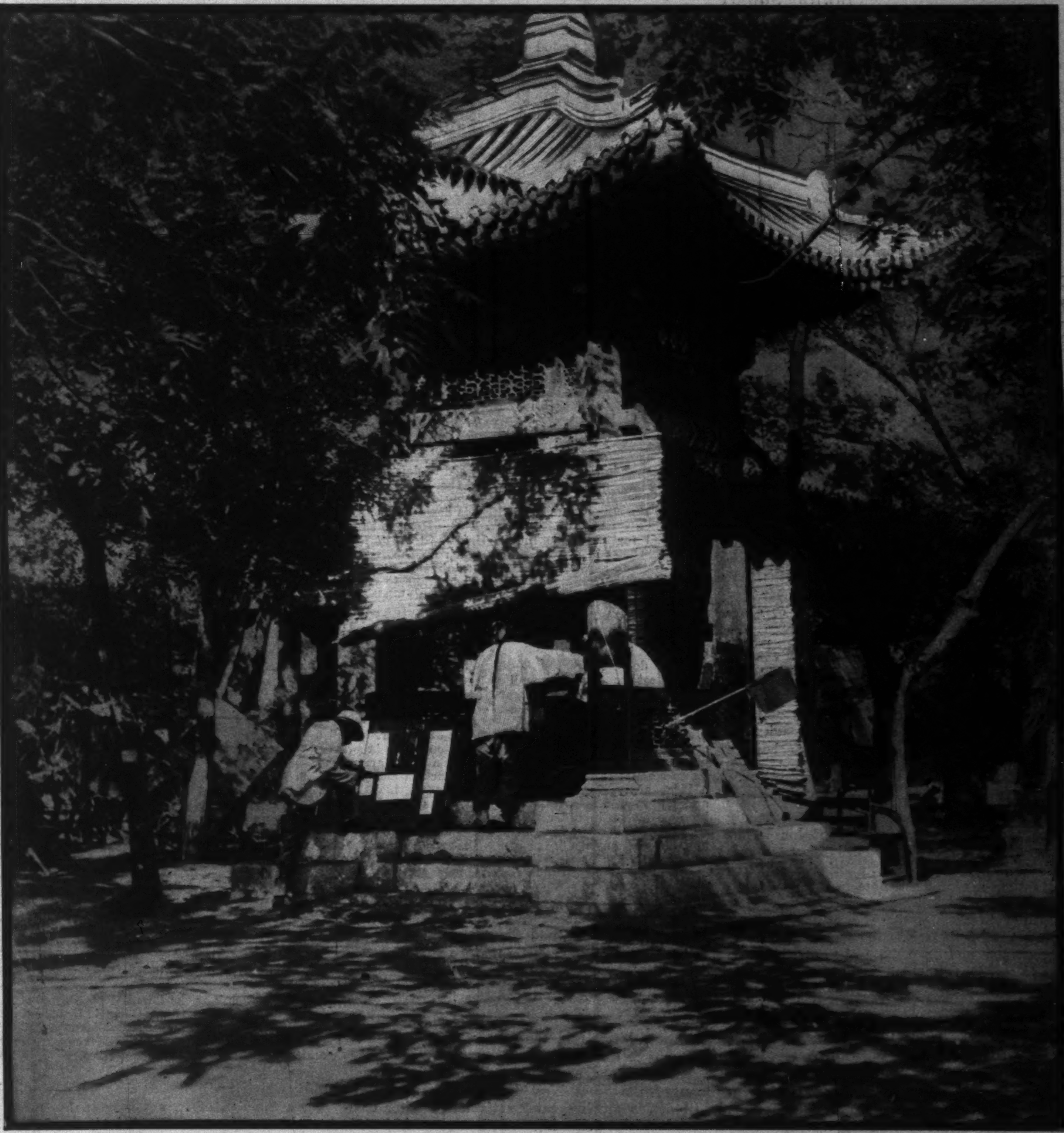

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Mr. Bryan's Confession of Defeat

IT is quite evident that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency realizes the futility of his quest, and has practically given up the fight. We cannot imagine that any American citizen having the dignity of the Presidential office in mind, and being himself an aspirant for its honors, could descend to the depths of demagogy reached by Mr. Bryan in his Wisconsin and Indiana speech-making tours during the past fortnight and still consider himself a Presidential possibility. Mr. Bryan knows as well as any one else that the American people want a statesman to exercise the functions of the Executive office, not an incendiary; he knows quite as well as he knows his alphabet that the kind of fire the people wish to have emanate from the White House is that which inspires men to undertake and to perform worthy deeds, not that which leads to pillage, rapine, and murder. If he has studied the temper of the people, solicitude for whose welfare has given him so many sleepless nights, he must know that fundamentally they are lovers of truth; that they will not tolerate reckless misstatement of conditions or wilful perversion of facts or absolute and unmitigated falsehood in the man who stands before the world as the outward and visible sign of their national being. Falsehood cannot represent the Truth; Incendiarism cannot ever become the embodiment of Patriotism; Demagogy can never pass for Statesmanship; and the political agitator who incites the masses into a reckless defiance of authority can never become the guardian of law, order, and public decency. It is only proper, therefore, in view of Mr. Bryan's wild appeals to class hatred and to the evil passions of the discontented, in view of the essentially incendiary character of the bulk of his recent utterances, in view of his wicked misstatements of the acts and purposes of his political opponents, allied to a certain maudlin note in his Salem address, which would be amusing if it were not humiliating, to assume that he at last realizes how far beyond his reach is the seat of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, and to attribute his ravings to the despair which naturally follows the palpable wrecking of his ambition is only charity. It takes a stronger man than Mr. Bryan to accept so deeply stirring a disappointment as is his with a dignified and philosophical bearing. There must be greater depths of character than can ever be attributed to the Populist candidate within which to hide the bitterness and the gall of overthrown ambition from the eye of man. It was too much for the great soul of Greeley, and even so strenuous a fibre as that of Tilden weakened perceptibly in the face of it, but no man has ever gone down under a similar disappointment in such utter demoralization as has the unhappy candidate from Nebraska. Of course, that he should make so obvious a confession of his failure to commend himself to the electorate is not without compensating features to those who have consistently and from the first moment of his appearance as a figure of national interest opposed his pretensions, but there is none the less a touch of pathos in the situation which moves one rather to grief than to unalloyed satisfaction. It is never a pleasing spectacle to see a human being suffer, and the vast majority of men, even the most morbidly inclined, shudder at the outward manifestations of the inward madness of an individual whose hopes have been shattered and before whom lies nothing but humiliation and disappointment. There is also to be considered in the case of Mr. Bryan's fall the distress of innumerable good people, who like Mr. Schurz and Mr. Olney have believed that the discipline of defeat in 1896 and a growth of four years in intellectual vigor had made the Bryan of 1900 a very different person from the man they had branded as an anarchist and an advocate of national dishonor in 1896. These persons, who had hoped for a development of strength and real character in Mr. Bryan, of which, indeed, in the earlier days of the campaign he showed some signs, must now stand appalled at the reckless demagogy of his recent utterances, with his wicked assertions of the real purpose of Imperialism, which they have dignified with their support, and saturated through and through with passionate appeals to violence and incitement to rebellion against the authorities, which in other days would have brought about his sequestration as an enemy to the public welfare. Saddest of all is the fact that this man to-day stands before the world as the flower of a once great party, its standard-bearer, its mouth-piece, the idol of its hopes, the material expression of its principles!

Truly it will be a glad day for this republic when the humiliating campaign of 1900 has become a thing of the past, and the disgraceful scenes and utterances of its closing days are but memories.

Altgeldism for Mr. Olney

INCIDENTALLY we should like to ask Mr. Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, through whose instrumentality Federal troops were sent to Chicago to quell the riots of 1894, when his now side-partner Altgeld was revelling in the peculiar kind of government which he still advocates, what he thinks of these words spoken by Mr. Bryan the other day at Indianapolis:

> The Republican party is not prepared to defend itself on the army question. They say there is no question of militarism, and yet an army four times as great as the standing army of 1896 is demanded by the President's message of December, 1898. How much do we spend for education in the United States? Less than $200,000,000 a year. How much do the Republicans want to spend on a military establishment? One hundred million dollars a year. They want to spend more than half as much for a military establishment as we spend for the education of all the children in the United States. Is that not a step toward militarism? What reason can they give for it? They can give only one. That is the one they do not give.
>
> What domestic reason is there for a large army? To protect us from the Indians? No; the less Indians we have, the more army the Republican party wants. That is not the cause. Why do they want it? So that they can build a fort near every large city and use the army to suppress by force the discontent that ought to be cured by remedial legislation. The laboring-man asks for arbitration and gets a large army; he asks relief from government by injunction and gets a large army; he asks protection from the blacklist and his answer is a large army; he asks for shorter hours of labor in order that he may have more time with his family and for the development of his mind, and his answer is a large army. He asks for representation in the President's cabinet in order that labor may be protected, and his answer is a large army.

Is Mr. Olney's desire to get back into public office so great that he can swallow such talk as this? We hope not, and we venture to repeat our belief that Mr. Olney, after mature reflection, will once more change his mind and free himself from the yoke of hoodlumism which he has recently assumed. He has three weeks left in which to undo the harm which he has accomplished, and to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the law-abiding elements of the country.

We are confident that the distinguished statesman of the great New England commonwealth will derive much greater satisfaction after election day from following the principles of his former chief, Mr. Cleveland, as laid down by the latter in 1895, and reiterated by him in his letter of October 7, 1900, as follows:

> If reckless discontent and wild experiment should sweep our currency from its safe support the most defenceless of all who suffer in that time of distress and national discredit will be the poor, as they reckon the loss in their scanty support, and the laborer or working-man as he sees the money he received from his toil shrink and shrivel in his hand when he tenders it for the necessaries of the humble home.
>
> I will not believe that if our people are afforded an opportunity for intelligent second thought they will sanction schemes that, however cloaked, mean disaster and confusion, nor that they will consent by undermining the foundation of safe currency to endanger the beneficent character and purposes of their government.

Mr. Schurz commended

WE have had so much to say of late in criticism of Mr. Schurz and his recent conduct that it is a pleasure to set down a word of commendation for an act of positive self-sacrifice in behalf of the public weal. Mr. Schurz's resignation of the Presidency of the National Civil Service Reform League is the best evidence, if any were needed, of his interest in the welfare of that organization, as well as of the principles for which it stands. Any one who supposes that it was an easy thing for Mr. Schurz to do when he wrote his letter of resignation would better study the story of Brutus, who condemned his own son to death, and draw a parallel. If there has been one thing in the universe beside his temperament to which Mr. Schurz has been consistently true it is the principle of Civil Service Reform. Whether allied to the Republican party or to the Democratic, whether on the crest of the wave of success or struggling in the undertow of defeat, in the face of scorn, contempt, ridicule, in fair weather as well as in foul, he has been its ardent champion, suffering such slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in its behalf as would have overwhelmed most other men, never for once yielding up a jot of his devotion to it. He has lived it, dreamed it, breathed it—it has been the very soul of his political soul, and now he bows his head in sorrow and bids it farewell. It must be said that the nation owes a great debt to Mr. Schurz for his insistence upon its principles. It must not be forgotten in summing up the substance of Mr. Schurz's career that he, with the late Dorman B. Eaton and George William Curtis, of cherished memory, more than any other men, forced its principles into the warp and woof of our public life, and the deep gratitude which is owed to him, as well as to them, must not be withheld because in his latter days he has chosen to abandon the field in which he has shone conspicuously as a patriot, in behalf of an issue which in the days of his intellectual vigor he would have been the first to make mock of.

It is an encouraging sign to those of us who have despaired over the case of this good man gone wrong that he so fully realizes the enormity of his present course that he withdraws himself from active contact with an association which his new alliance would cover with real shame and contempt. It does not mean the complete abandonment of righteous principles by Mr. Schurz, as some are unkind enough to suggest. We prefer to believe it the first step of the late President of the League toward that reformation for which his best friends have been praying, the initial point of which is the realization by the offender of his own unworthiness.

Humor of the Campaign

THANKS to the professional humorists, the asperities of the campaign are occasionally relieved by a jest or two, some of which seem almost too good to be true. Conspicuous among these is the account of the meeting in the railway yard at St. Louis, recently, of Governor Roosevelt and Colonel Bryan, their cars by chance having come to a standstill side by side. After an informal greeting this colloquy is alleged to have occurred:

> "Well, Governor," said Mr. Bryan, "how is your voice?"
>
> "It's as rough as the Populist platform," replied the Governor. "How is yours, Colonel?"
>
> "Mine is as broken as Republican promises," was the rejoinder of Mr. Bryan, and the cars moved on amid the wild cheers of the populace.

By which it will be seen that Mr. Bryan had very much the best of it, not only in having the last word in the encounter, but in the unimpaired condition of his vocal powers as well.

SOME of MR. BRYAN'S FALLACIES

INASMUCH as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency has himself declared Imperialism to be the paramount issue in the present campaign, he cannot blame us if we require that his criticism of the Administration's Philippine policy should prove that he has studied the subject, and should display at least a fair amount of acquaintance with its more important facts.

Do we find, when we examine his utterances upon this subject, that he is equipped with such knowledge as a leader of public opinion should have? Let us see.

In the latter part of September Mr. Bryan addressed a meeting at Fort Scott, Kansas. While he was discussing the colonial policy of the government, some one in the audience tried to put him (as a Democrat) on the defensive by asking him about North Carolina and the race question in that State. "I am glad you mentioned North Carolina," said Mr. Bryan. "Now, I want you to read the Sulu treaty, and having done that I think you will blush until election day, and never have time to think of North Carolina." This sally, we are told, brought a prolonged cheer from the crowd, and when it had subsided Mr. Bryan outlined the treaty referred to, "showing how it tolerated and recognized slavery." A characteristic saying of the clever orator which was caught up by the press about the same time was to the effect that this treaty permits slaves to purchase their freedom, indeed, but they would never earn money for this use by working for nothing a day.

To the people who were listening then the argument would naturally seem convincing: they would assume that a slave's market-value was at least several hundred dollars, and that exhausting labor demanded by the master would leave neither time nor strength for independent work to earn so large a sum.

Of course there were "prolonged cheers"; but if the same crowd had been in possession of the facts it is safe to say the sally would have been greeted with prolonged jeers or contemptuous silence, for sincere people would in that case have resented the misuse of the word "slavery" and the censuring of their government for conduct that was really meritorious.

What are the facts?

Slavery among the Moros (natives of the Sulu Archipelago and a large part of Mindanao) differs so widely from the institution which we knew in our Southern States that the word should not be employed without explanation. We should at least be told that the institution referred to in the Sulu treaty is a form of slavery so mild (if we make due allowance for the savage practices of the community) that General Bates, John F. Bass, and others who have studied its workings, say that the word "retainer" expresses the relation better than "slave." The slave is not a member of an inferior race, but simply a less fortunate or less prosperous individual belonging to the same race as his master, working when the master works, and thus rendering services of such slight pecuniary value that the average price paid to the owner on a transfer of allegiance is twenty dollars. According to the testimony of Europeans long resident in these southern islands, the immediate abolition of slavery there would have been ruinous, even if it had been practicable, and it was obviously impossible to come to any agreement with the Sultan and his datos on that basis. However, General Bates, who negotiated the treaty, says, "It seemed proper that steps should be at once taken looking to the abolition of the institution." He therefore secured by Article X. of the treaty a privilege which, of course, is not limited to the slaves themselves, but extends to persons acting in their behalf. When we consider that the American military authorities offer thirty dollars as a reward for the surrender of a rifle by a Filipino, the cost of manumission to a Moro slave does not seem extravagant. If the payment of twenty dollars as an average price satisfies the owner's sense of justice—if they do not feel that they are to be deprived of their property without suitable remuneration—we may afford to accept the arrangement as eminently satisfactory, for under it there seems to be nothing to prevent enthusiastic persons from going or sending to Joló, Bongao, or other port where an American garrison is stationed, and there buying freedom for any number of Moros at the average rate of twenty dollars for a slave. Assurances of so shrewd an observer as General Bates that Article X. of the agreement provides a speedy means of doing away with slavery, facts so well established as the Mohammedan custom of allowing slaves to make a little money on their own account, and the American custom of putting money into circulation near towns which their garrisons hold and ports at which their vessels call—these things the Administration's critics may ignore, but let all who insist upon the immediate enfranchisement of Moro slaves "at any cost," take notice that much may be done without delay by these critics themselves, acting as individuals and certainly making their purchases on most favorable terms. The circumstance that this extraordinary opportunity has been created by an Administration they malign should not be sufficient to deter out-and-out philanthropists.

American control of this slaveholding Mohammedan population of the southern islands is a fact the importance of which has been strangely overlooked. During two hundred and fifty years, or from the end of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, the Moros waged constant warfare against the Christians of the central and northern islands. Many of the fairest portions of the archipelago were rendered almost uninhabitable by the cruel raids of fanatics, who destroyed whatever they could not carry off—an intolerable and utterly ruinous state of affairs that continued until the Spanish fleet in those waters was strengthened by the addition of nearly a score of small gunboats, especially designed to cope with pirate vessels and strongholds on river and coast. So for the last fifty years the Spaniards succeeded in keeping the Moros in check—thanks to the vessels which were all destroyed, captured, or purchased by the Americans in 1898 and 1899. The only force that had been found adequate to preserve even an armed truce between north and south, Christian and Mohammedan, has been removed by our act. Shall we now go our way, in God's name or in freedom's name, and let these ancient foes fly at each other's throats?

It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Bryan knew these things, or had learned the lesson of this chapter of Philippine history, when he made the famous declaration in his speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency last August: "If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose, first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, *just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in Cuba;* second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny." The words which we have italicized could not have been written by a well-informed person. "Just as in Cuba"? Say, rather, as in the West Indies. If by the fortune of war all of the Antilles had been left on our hands, and we should propose to withdraw from them after declaring that a government established by a party in Cuba should be supreme over all the islands, the cases would be more nearly comparable, though, to place them quite on an equality, we should have to suppose the religion of Haiti and the Lesser Antilles to be Mohammedan, and the most cherished ambition of the natives inhabiting from Santo Domingo to Trinidad to be the extermination of Christians in Cuba and Jamaica.

In another part of the same speech Mr. Bryan said: "If it was true, as declared in the resolutions of intervention, that the Cubans 'are and of right ought to be free and independent'....it is equally true that Filipinos 'are and of right ought to be free and independent'.... Who will draw the line between the natural right of the Cubans and the Filipinos?.... Before our duty can be ascertained their rights must be determined, and when their rights are once determined, it is as much our duty to respect those rights as it was the duty of Spain to respect the rights of the people of Cuba, *or the duty of England to respect the rights of the American colonists.*" Again, and as though to confirm the popular impression that this was the very backbone of his contention when opposing the Administration's Philippine policy, in his letter of acceptance, made public on September 18, Mr. Bryan wrote: "If a Filipino republic is erected upon the ruins of Spanish tyranny, its protection by us will be neither difficult nor expensive.... If we protect them [the Filipinos] *from outside interference*, they will *defend themselves* and will be our friends. If they show as much determination in opposing the sovereignty of other nations as they have shown in opposing our sovereignty, they *will not require much assistance from us.*" You see, he is looking away from the actual danger while considering and dismissing with oratorical ease a purely imaginary peril. The emphatic final position in his letter is assigned to "Imperialism," in regard to which he says: "No other question can approach it in importance; no other question demands such immediate consideration. It is easier to *lose a reputation* than to establish one, and this nation would find it a long and laborious task to regain its proud position among the nations, if it should repudiate the self-evident truths proclaimed by our heroic ancestors." Our nation, we may remark in passing, has a reputation for intelligence, we hope, as well as for aptitude in the expression of noble sentiments. We should certainly find it a long and laborious task to regain a lost reputation for intelligence should we follow a course which, though pointed out by Mr. Bryan, is condemned by non-partisan students of Philippine history as one which would lead only to misery for the islanders and disgrace for ourselves. Our heroic ancestors did not turn their backs on history: they studied it profoundly and were guided by its essential truths. Therefore their creation stands and will endure.

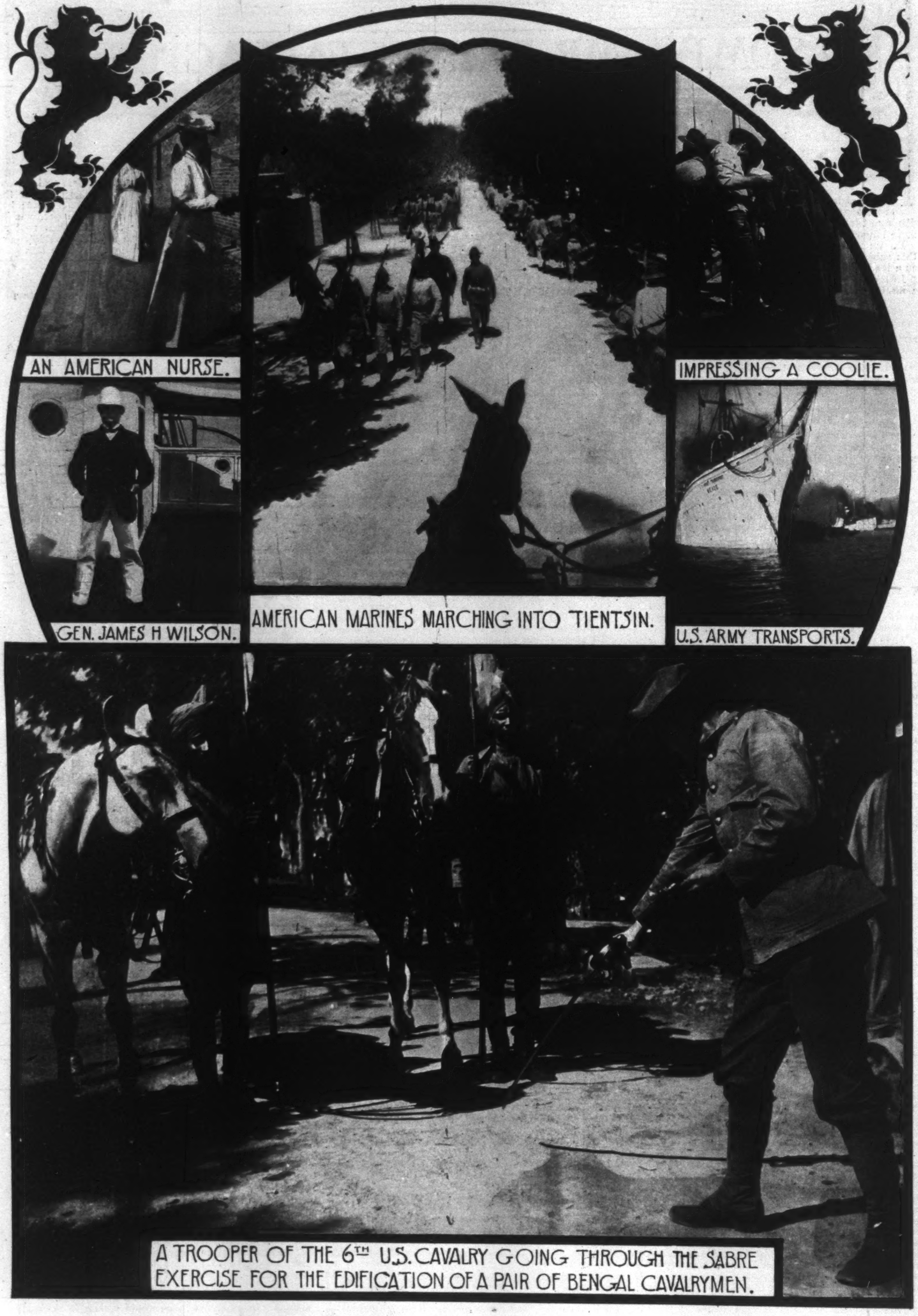
Mr. Bryan's generalizations are so familiarly true, if they had but a true application, that they have unquestionably led thousands of readers to look in the direction of the orator's own vision—away from the real situation in the very real islands, towards an archipelago of drifting cloud-shapes. "The duty of England to respect the rights of American colonists"! It would be hard to imagine any comparison more repugnant to the sober historical spirit than this, which places abreast of one's "heroic ancestors," with their native capacity to free themselves and govern themselves, those hostile camps of Orientals, held asunder by differences of religion and of race. Mr. Bryan thinks of the handful of Tagálog and mestizo idealists, a few thousands in all, as representatives of the people. They are slips from French republicanism and American republicanism, which should be cherished for the sake of the future development of the Filipinos; but in comparison with the vigorous native products in character they seem scarcely to have taken root as yet. These are the people who form Aguinaldo's government and his immediate following. It is this government which Mr. Bryan proposes to recognize. He says, in effect, "If we protect the Filipinos [that is, all natives of the archipelago] from outside interference, Aguinaldo's government and its immediate followers will defend themselves, and they will not require much assistance from us," etc. But as we know that the Tagálogs and the more numerous Visayans together, with the assistance of the Spanish navy and army, were scarcely able to make head against the Moros, why should we expect a Tagálog faction to achieve this end alone and unaided, keeping such order in the archipelago that "other nations" would not, for very shame and for the security of commerce, be compelled to interpose?

Let us at least try to throw upon a question, remote until now, unexpectedly confronting us, and as difficult as it is important, such light as our studies afford. We also may overlook essential facts, and our utmost claim is that our readers concede to us such sincerity of purpose as we gladly assume on the part of those who would withdraw our army and navy from one of the most beautiful and most vexed regions in all the world. But facts established beyond dispute may carry us forward to a position from which Mr. Bryan's point of view will seem to be a foot-hill.

If the programme outlined by Mr. Bryan should be adopted, what would be the true nature of our problem? It would not be a question of setting up one independent government—one only for the entire archipelago—but we should be obliged to ask, *How many* distinct governments in the Philippines should we recognize and nurse until they attain full vigor? Think of establishing a Christian state in the north under the Tagálogs, and a Mohammedan state in the south under the Sultan of Sulu! Or, if we declined to do this, on the ground that such a proceeding would too plainly invite disaster, by what right should we subject the Christian Tagálogs to the Mohammedan Moros, or the Mohammedan Moros to the Christian Tagálogs? What hope of obtaining the "consent of the governed" if we should ask the people of the Sulu Archipelago and Mindanao to let a northern tribe rule over them?

Look a little more closely into the matter. The north itself is peopled by tribes which have never made common cause with each other. Thus, bitter hostility is cherished by Ilocanos and Macabebes against the Tagálogs, and the islanders of the central group are by nature and tradition, opposed to their aggressive northern neighbors. Now, in the Christianized islands there are approximately five millions of people, of whom not more than one and one-half millions are Tagálogs. By what right may we compel three and one-half millions of Christians to submit to one and one-half millions? Must we not remember the principle of the consent of the governed and apply it here also? Still a little more closely let us look. Among the Tagálogs themselves, comprising only one-sixth of the archipelago's population, there is division into parties. Unquestionably the Aguinaldists are the strongest and most thoroughly organized, but they would have to reckon with the party of the Roman Catholic Church (a much greater force than our people realize), the party of annexation, and the followers of ambitious men whom Aguinaldo and his friends have offended. It is almost inconceivable that harmony of action could be secured even within the ranks of the single tribe that has been foremost in the insurrection.

Now consider what an intolerable situation would be created by the adoption of Mr. Bryan's plan. A faction in a single tribe, numbering a million and a half, would receive at our hands the gift of supremacy (a thing which no tribe has ever possessed, and to which the Spaniards failed to make good their claim) among eight millions of people divided into about seventy-five tribes, many of which have hitherto maintained at least partial independence, and some of which have not rubbed off the bloom of savage freedom. We should have to put down savage insurrections by force of arms, and begin, without the advantage of a foothold, a course similar to that which we have been pursuing for eighteen months—restoring order in the islands, maintaining it ourselves, and by every device aiding the natives to advance along the paths of civilization in the hope that they would gradually break down the barriers between hostile tribes and sects. Mr. Bryan would discover, if his coveted opportunity should be realized, that the gift he proposes to bestow had been snatched from his hands by the natives themselves and torn into fragments. The best he could do then would be to promise that at some future day, when our authority should have been again effectively interposed, the privileges of self-government should be accorded as rapidly as they could be intelligently exercised. In other words, he would outline in the early years of the next century a Democratic programme which humorists would place in parallel columns with that set forth by the Republican party in 1900. The programmes would be substantially the same.



AN AMERICAN NURSE.

GEN. JAMES H WILSON.

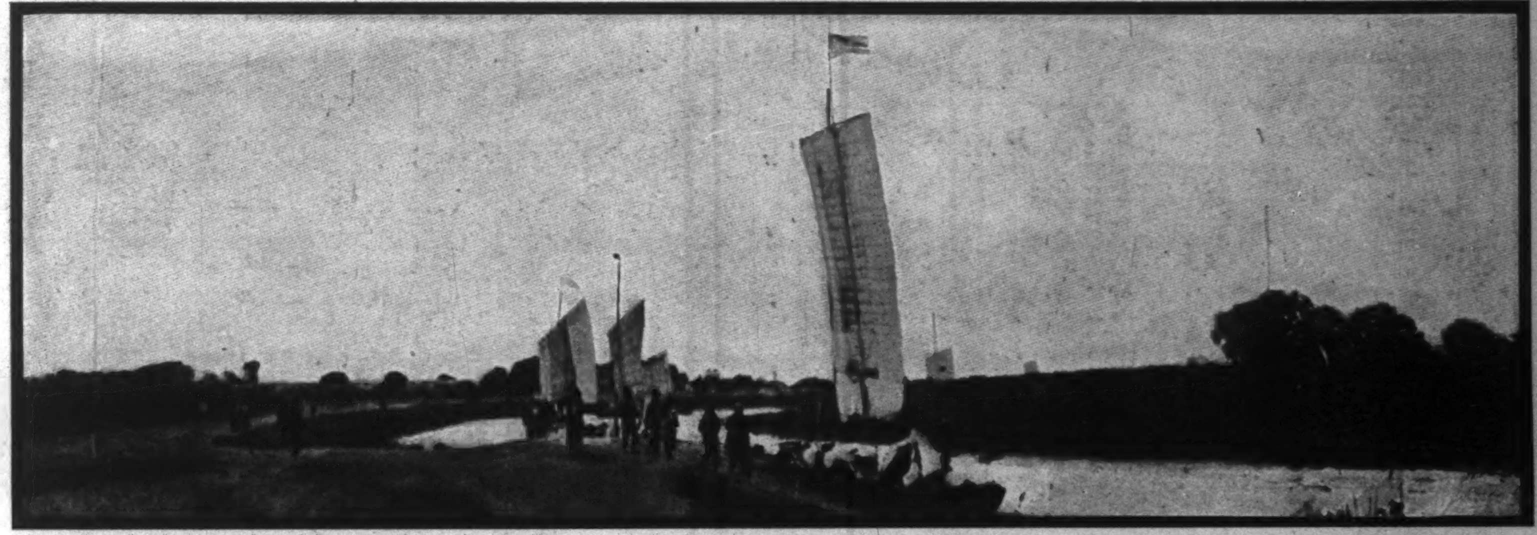
AMERICAN MARINES MARCHING INTO TIENTSIN.

IMPRESSING A COOLIE.

U.S. ARMY TRANSPORTS.

A TROOPER OF THE 6th U.S. CAVALRY GOING THROUGH THE SABRE EXERCISE FOR THE EDIFICATION OF A PAIR OF BENGAL CAVALRYMEN.

THE FOREIGN TROOPS IN TIENTSIN.



AMERICAN SUPPLY-JUNKS COMING INTO YANGTSUN.

THE ADVANCE ON PEKING

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

YANGTSUN, CHINA, *August 7*.

WE are twenty miles from Tientsin on the way to Peking. To-day the men rested while the generals conferred and decided what to do next. We came here expecting to stay for several days, to establish a base for supplies and to wait for substantial re-enforcements before attempting to go on. But then, too, we expected to have to fight hard to win our way this far. The position of the enemy at Peitsang was such in appearance that it would have surprised no one if we had been delayed there an entire day. Here again at Yangtsun the Chinese had a position from which they could have made a stubborn defence. From both places they were turned out with comparative ease and in a short time of actual fighting. Now the question is, have we not sufficient force as it is to go on, and is it not better to push ahead at some risk than to delay and give the enemy time to recover and entrench?

The last ten days have been many times more busy but not a whit less anxious than those that preceded them in Tientsin. The report of the truce in Peking had been a great relief to the commanders in Tientsin, but there was such conflict in the statements of supplies and the estimates of the time during which the legationists could hold out that it was very puzzling and alarming. These things added to the natural urgency of the generals to get away with the relief column, and if that were not enough, the home governments were incessant and imperative in their demands for a forward move. If the home governments had been willing to listen to the reports of those on the spot a little earlier than they did, and to send away men and supplies in accordance, Peking might have been relieved some time ago, but that isn't the way of home governments. It is always easier to put the blame on the chap who is sweating in the field. He has neither the time nor the chance to reply.

The fighting of the Chinese around Tientsin, and the strength of their position at Peitsang, made all the commanders unwilling to start forward without a strong force. It was estimated by even the Japanese, who all along have had the most accurate information about the Chinese, and who have the great advantage of special knowledge of the enemy gained in the war of '94-5, that the relieving column ought to be at least 40,000 strong. Admiral Seymour and the men with him said it would take 50,000 men to force their way to Peking through opposition such as their force encountered. Their natural desire to help their fellows told the commanders to go ahead; prudence cautioned them to wait a little for more men and for further preparation. They agreed with General Gaselee that the situation demanded and justified the taking of some risks, but they did not want to make the risks too dangerously large. Finally they decided to go as far as Yangtsun anyway, and establish a new base there. Then the event could determine what to do next.

The river about Tientsin was lined with junks of all sizes and kinds, commandeered by the various forces to serve as transports for supplies. Details of men were sent to the walled city to gather in coolies to load and work these boats, as well as to help in the land transportation. The common thing was for the detail to go through the side streets of the native city and ask every Chinese they met if he wanted to work for twenty cents a day. Now if a Chinese knows any one word of foreign talk that word is sure to be "yes." The result was that most of the men accosted said "yes," and were gathered in, barbers, jewellers, clerks, compradores, and merchants, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, and went to loading commissariat and quartermaster stores on the junks, or prepared to walk to Peking hauling loads in carts or 'rickshas, carrying them on their backs or suspended from poles borne by two of them, or lugging the things in their arms.

At last the transportation was ready and no more men were likely to arrive for a few days, so it was determined to go on. The Russians and Japanese had moved considerable parts of their forces into camps to the northward of the native city, and the British had some men there also. The rest moved out of the settlements on the afternoon of Saturday, the 4th. The few remaining citizens of Tientsin turned out to see the start, but were chased back in-doors by the downpour that drenched the men in two minutes as if they had had to swim a river in heavy order. When the last of the long column had passed out of sight the settlement seemed to be absolutely deserted, so quiet was it after the weeks of turmoil and bustle.

Camp was made in the fields just at the edge of the villages on the north of the wall of the native city. How it did pour for most of the night! The men were so wet and miserable that they did not mind being turned out soon after two o'clock. The rain had stopped, and there was a chance to walk themselves warm and dry, and they didn't care if they should have to fight. There were about 12,000 of the Japanese, including nine batteries and three troops of cavalry. The Russians had something more than 4000, including four eight-gun field batteries and a sotnia of Cossacks. There were 2800 Britishers—the Welsh Fusileers, 1st Sikhs, 7th Rajputs, 24th Punjaubis, 1st Bengal Lancers, Royal Artillery battery of fifteen-pounders, Royal Asiatic Artillery, old seven-pounder muzzle-loaders, and naval brigade of sailor-men and marines with four of the fine twelve-pounder guns from the big cruiser *Terrible*, each mounted on trail and limber taken from the Chinese, and carrying a placard saying "From Ladysmith to Peking." The Americans had 2400, the Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry and two battalions of marines with Reilly's Light Battery of the Fifth Artillery. Also there were 800 French with a battery.

By the time it was fairly light we were attacking the strong position of Peitsang. The *Terrible's* guns soon started the Chinese out of the village just ahead, where they had some guns posted to defend an arsenal, and the little Japanese went in and got the guns, ten of them. At almost the same time the Japanese, British, and Americans, swinging out along the Paotingfu road got into it. The Royal Artillery and a Japanese battery went into action quickly against the Chinese trench, and soon the Japanese infantry, which was in the advance, went in on a frontal attack that the Chinese could not stop, although they tried desperately. Their rifle-fire was terrific, but in spite of it the Japanese went forward steadily and the Chinese ran. The Japanese took the extreme right where it rested on the Paotingfu road, and as soon as the Chinese began to leave their trench the Japanese doubled them back on their own line with a great deal of loss. The Japanese suffered very severely, their casualties numbering more than 300, with four officers among the killed. The Chinese had used Mannlicher rifles, and inside their trench there were several bushels of the empty cartridge-shells and magazine-clips. They had had their camp in a big bend of the river, a couple of miles behind their trench. Here was another trench where they tried to make a stand, but the Japanese shelled them out and took the place for their own camping-ground. Peitsang was so much easier than had been expected that the troops were all on their camping-ground before noon, and the first of the junks came up about three o'clock. The cavalry was sent on to reconnoitre toward Yangtsun, and the generals had a talk about the next day's work.

Yesterday was a terrible day. The road from Peitsang to Yangtsun proved to be as much longer than the estimate as that from Tientsin to Peitsang was shorter. We marched nearly sixteen miles over soft, heavy roads, through dust ankle-deep, and through fields of kaolian twelve feet tall where no breath of air stirred. Not a Chinese was in sight, and we had come to the conclusion that there would be no fight, when without a single preliminary it began. The Russians had been compelled to come in behind the others because of the flooded condition of the country over which they had tried to go to Peitsang, on the left bank of the river. So when the British and Americans took the advance yesterday, marching in two columns, the Russians sent ahead two companies to act as advance-guard. In a village just to the south of Yangtsun, from which the ruins of Admiral Seymour's trains were plainly visible across the river, the Chinese opened a heavy fire on the Russians, who thereupon halted, and the British and Americans came up and chased the Chinese out. All the Americans were engaged, the Fourteenth having the centre and the Ninth and marines the right. The Sikhs and Punjaubis were on the left of the Fourteenth, and the Russians sent a force forward on the extreme left. The Lancers, acting under General Chaffee, were on the extreme right.

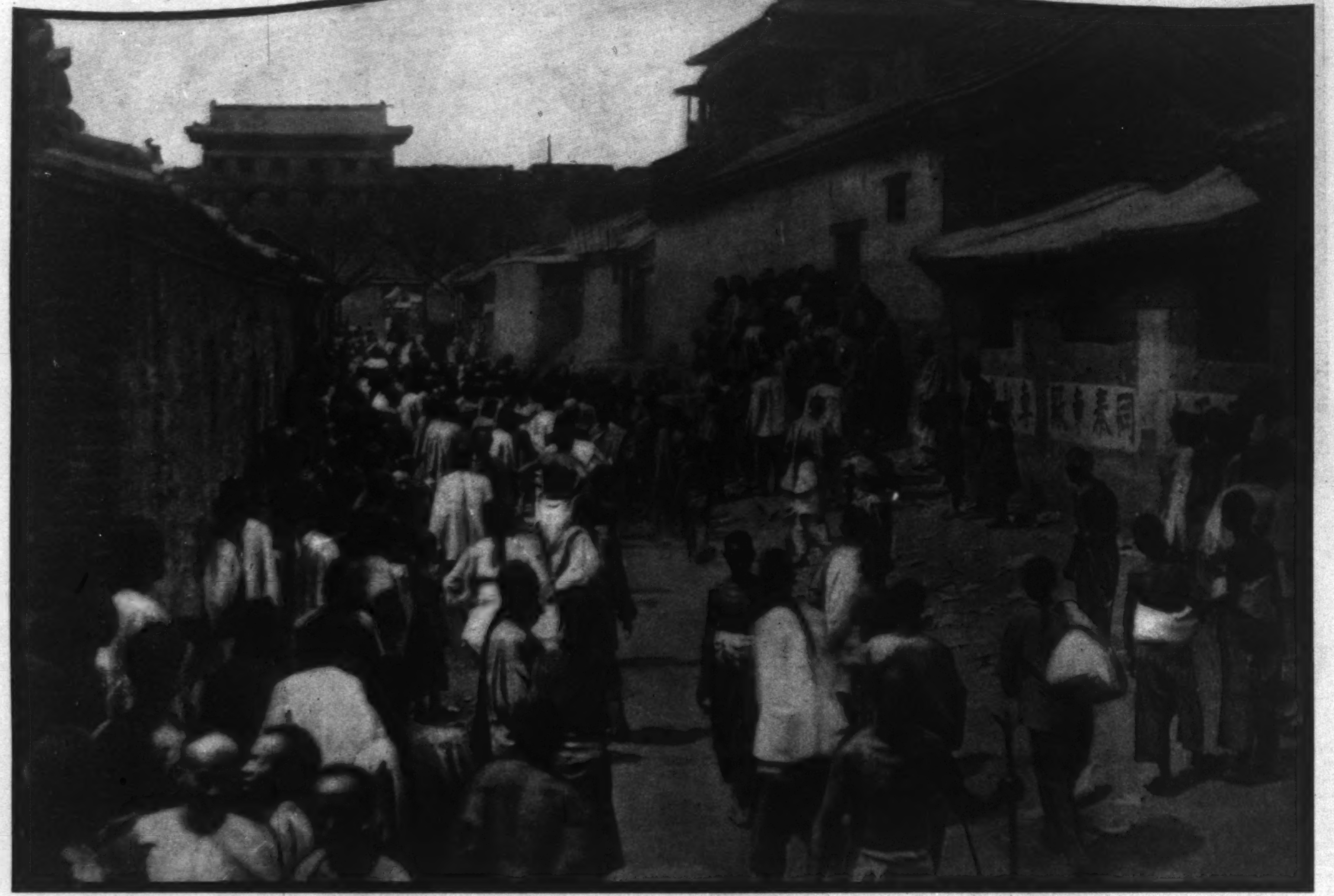
For a little while it looked as if the Chinese really meant to fight it out. They kept up very heavy rifle-fire, and had a dozen or more guns going from the villages behind the railroad embankment where they held their first line. Their whole line was something like three miles long, but after an hour of fighting two miles and more of it began to run, and very soon there wasn't much left of the fight. In the beginning they did a lot of marching and countermarching through the tall kaolian, their gaudy banners floating very gayly in the clear sunlight, fluttered by the fresh breeze. But when our attack began and Colonel Daggett led the Fourteenth straight at their centre in a brilliant charge, banners, Chinese, and guns cleared out. Then came up the batteries and hurried the retreat. There were at least 7000 of the Chinese, and they were Imperial troops. From a sand hill near our first position we could see them plainly. They ran in four columns, and each column raised a cloud of dust which marked its location perfectly for the guns long after it was impossible to make out either men or banners. Just as long as the shells could be thrown to the dust every column was shelled vigorously, the batteries limbering up and going forward to new positions on the full run several times. This work was done by Reilly and the three Japanese field batteries.

It was just after their charge that the Fourteenth was made the accidental target of the Royal Artillery. They had gone through the corn-field more quickly than the gunners had expected, and they got twelve shells from their friends. Their total casualties was about seventy-five, nearly half of them from this shelling. One shell that exploded within ten feet of Captain Reynolds killed three and wounded four men.

The heat was torture. I saw men fall down unconscious from it. I saw men who had gone crazy, I saw men in terrible convulsions, and I saw men die from it. Three of our men died yesterday, and last night one who was crazed jumped into the river and tried to drown himself.

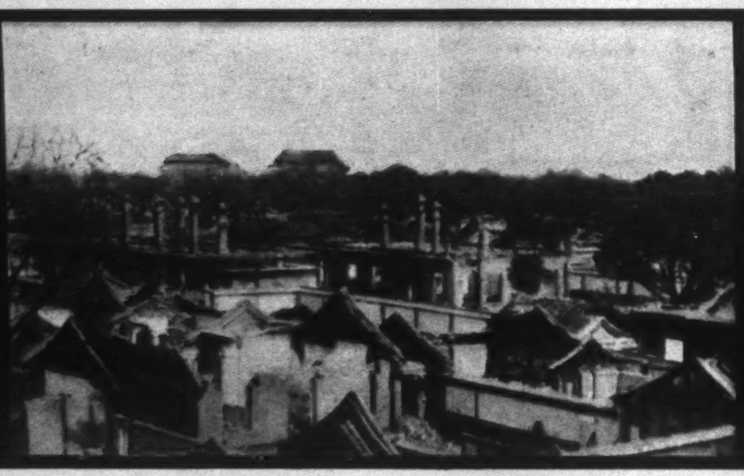
The maddening thing about the whole fight is that apparently we did no great damage to the Chinese. To-day I went over the whole field and could find only half a dozen dead of the enemy. But Captain Wingate of the British Intelligence office found the house in which Yu-lu, the viceroy, has been staying, and in his private room were several little bottles of arsenic, so perhaps he has been frightened into killing himself.

The generals have decided to push on at all cost. The Japanese had intended to leave 6000 men here to guard the base and communications, but now Fukushima says the only thing to do is to keep after the Chinese and never give them a minute's rest. He has transportation and supplies for only 6000 men, those originally destined for the relief column, but he is going to take the whole 12,000 and make the transportation and supplies do. In the morning we go on, the Japanese in the advance, and then the Russians, Americans, and British. We shall keep that order to Tung-chou. The French are to stay here to guard base and communications. So badly have we thrashed and scared the Chinese that now 800 men are considered enough for what it was thought would take at least 6000.



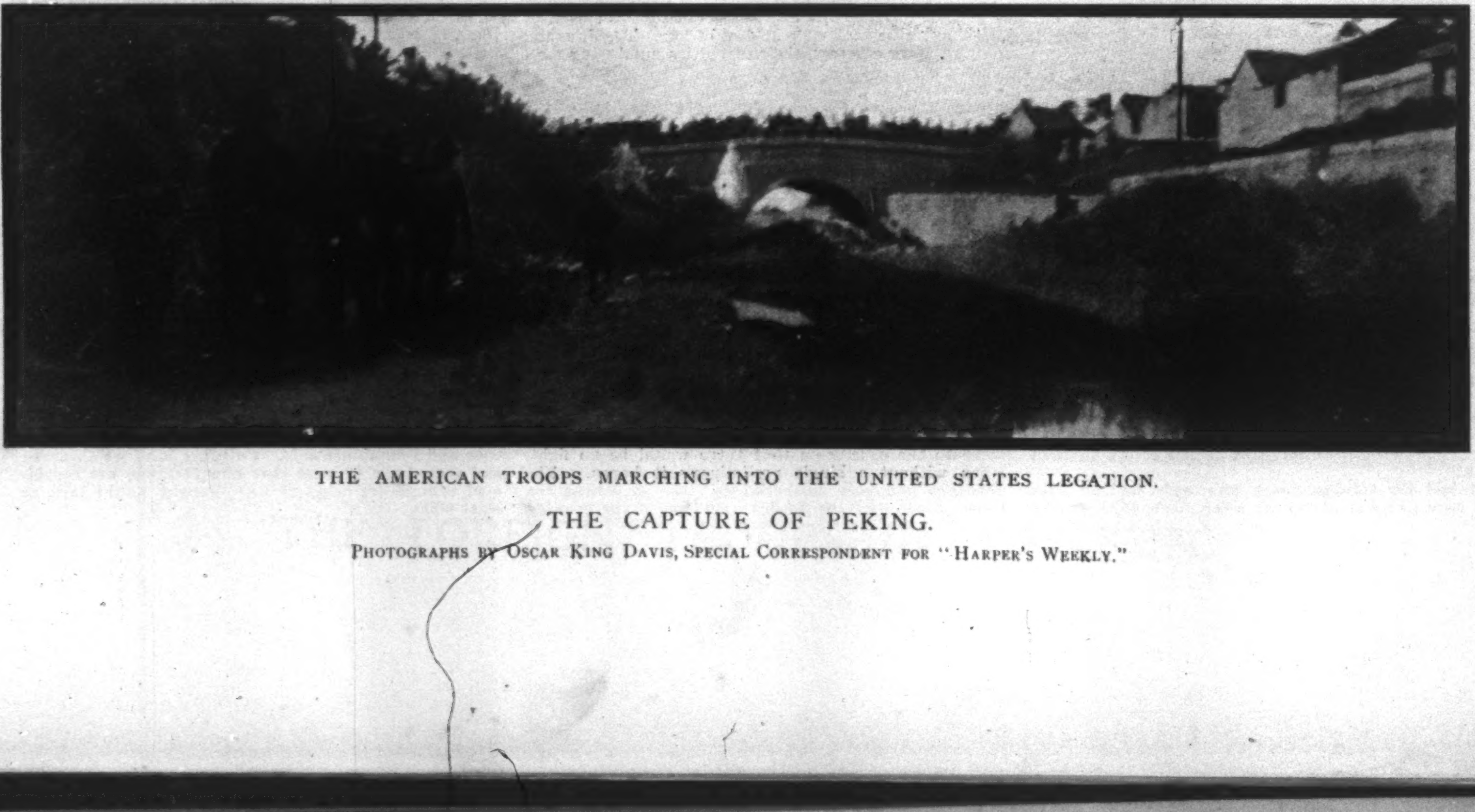
NATIVES LOOTING A WAREHOUSE.

CAPTAIN REILLY'S BURIAL.
Buglers of Battery F, 5th Artillery, sounding the last taps, in the American Legation grounds, August 16.



THE LEGATION QUARTER AFTER THE SIEGE.
View taken from the American marines' position on the Tartar City wall, looking toward the Forbidden City.

THE AMERICAN BARRICADES.
These platforms were built along the compound walls by the Legation's marine guard. From these they repulsed the attacking Boxers.



THE AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.

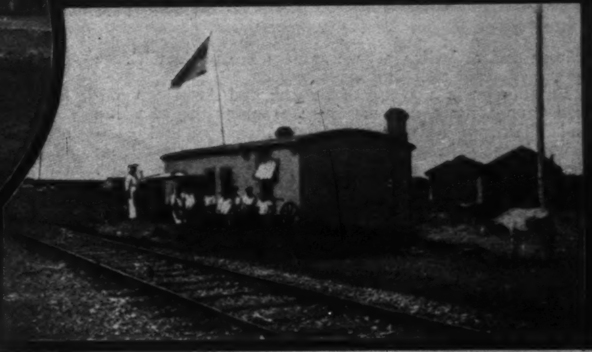
THE CAPTURE OF PEKING.

Photographs by Oscar King Davis, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

TIENTSIN TO-DAY

THE RAILROAD STATION, TIENTSIN.

COOLIES AT TONGKU CARRYING RUSSIAN FLAG FOR PROTECTION

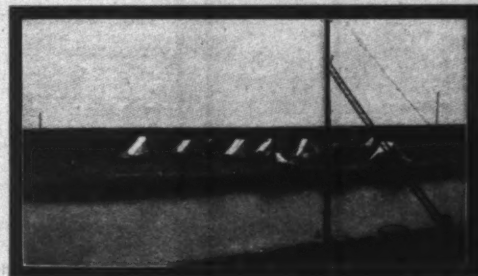


GERMAN SAILORS GUARDING A JUNCTION.

BY C.L.POOR
ENSIGN U.S N

SIKHS GUARDING CAPTURED BOXERS.

BARRICADES IN THE FRENCH CONCESSION.



CAMP OF A RUSSIAN RAILROAD GUARD.

TONGKU, NORTH OF THE RAILWAY.

TIENTSIN to-day is the most interesting place in the world to a military man. I doubt if the world has seen, even at the entry of the allies into Paris in 1815, such a conglomerate of forces, such a kaleidoscopic mingling and passing of uniforms and men. It has the advantage over a mere parade or show in that these men are here for business, for the actual exercise of their profession. We see them as they really are doing what they have been educated and trained and prepared for years, and at such great expense, to do. We have a chance to compare and criticise them. There are over 10,000 men in and about Tientsin to-day. Russians, British, French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Japanese, and our own Americans are moving to and fro before one's eyes. And as there are varieties of men and regiments in each nation, the effect is bewildering indeed.

Leaving the big fleet of men-of-war and transports behind us, their funnels darkening the clear Northern sky overhead with a heavy flat pall that hangs low over the clear horizon-line, the light-draught tug takes one in through the seven miles of shoal water, yellowed by Peiho's mud, to the shallow bar at the river mouth. Here there is an anxious moment, but the tide is nearly high, and we pass over into the mouth of the river. Close on either hand are the huge forts, heavily built of mud and clay, upon which a shell has but little effect, and heavily armed. Over them are the flags of Japan, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and Italy. They are formidable indeed, and as one steams up the narrow river one realizes what grand courage was displayed by the British captain of the *Algerine* and the German captain of the *Iltis* when they took their frail gunboats up the river to attack the inner fort. It was as fine a deed as Beresford's far-famed action with the *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria.

The river twists and turns up through the flat plain for four miles, until it brings one to Tongku, where the faithful old *Monocacy*, "the old jinrikisha," is rendering the same efficient service to American interests in China that has made her welcome throughout the East for over thirty years. On the way up we have passed gunboats of the other powers, and at the navy-yard have seen some fine torpedo-boats, captured the day the forts were taken.

At Tongku are the wharves and warehouses where our lighters and steamers discharge the large quantity of stores and provisions required to maintain our men at Tientsin and in the Peking expedition. From here they are shipped by rail or lighter up the river. To handle these stores many natives have been commandeered, and under the guard of our soldiers are kept very busy. In return for their labor they are given food and a small money compensation—a very great blessing for them in view of the great want and distress that are bound to come to these people when the winter sets in or the campaign closes. This country, thronged with an enormous population, has suffered from drought for the past three years, and impending starvation has been one of the chief causes of the revolt, the Boxers promising abundant rain if only the "foreign devils" were driven out. As the natives gain confidence they will return to their now deserted homes, and then the question of food for them will be a very grave one indeed.

From Tongku one goes to Tientsin by rail in about two and a half hours. The railway is open and running clear all the way, but the Russian management do not believe in speed, and one goes along at a rate that even a "huckleberry" road in the South would be ashamed of. The train is a long one, made up of open cars filled with soldiers and forage going to the front, a second-class car for isolated men going up the line, and a first-class car for officers. In this last we are a varied group—big Russians with their flat white caps, swords *en bandoulière*, and high boots; English and American naval officers in white; American marine officers in khaki; German officers in khaki; and dapper little Japs in braided blue or white. At several points on the road we find small detachments of Russians living in rude shelter-huts and tents, surrounded by trenches, and fighting flies and fleas ceaselessly. The hot and dusty officers in charge of them come to the train and look enviously at their more fortunate comrades going to the luxury of Tientsin, and there is much exchange of cigarettes and harsh guttural Russian by these big powerful fellows. And so the train crawls on, over a temporary bridge, past a shot-riddled locomotive that reels drunkenly on a side track, a helpless witness of the dangers of the earlier railroading that took place here. On our right we see at a distance the many chimneys of the enormous East Arsenal, where Waller's marines and the Tientsin relief force had a fierce struggle.

The station at Tientsin was one of the hottest places at all times during the fighting. Its loss would have been almost certain to insure the loss of the city, and so it was again and again attacked by men and artillery, and the loss of life among its defenders was terrific. It is still heavily guarded from chance Boxer attack.

From the station to the hotel is a long walk across a rickety pontoon bridge, along the Bund, now crowded with piles of stores and resonant with the cries of sweating coolies and the loud commands in many tongues of the soldiers guarding them. One passes through the French quarter, which suffered most severely, and whose handsome stone and brick houses are indescribably swept and shattered by fire and shell.

As one advances along the streets one is kept busy answering the salutes of sentries of every nation. Nearly every building of size is used as a barracks or storehouse for the detachment of some nation, and the vista down a street is brightened by the flags of many peoples. Here and there among them one sees the dear old Stars and Stripes. The first foreign troops in Tientsin, and always well represented here, the American sentries are seen in many places, and the campaign hat and blue shirt are everywhere in evidence. However comfortable and serviceable it may be in the field, the blue shirt is not a trim or military garment, especially when worn under a pair of suspenders, and American pride cannot but be hurt by the unfavorable comparison that must be made with the smart uniforms of the other powers, particularly the very trim and spotless British Indian regiments. Our officers in khaki look very well indeed, and it was cheering to see that some of the later regiments of ours to arrive were clothed in khaki from head to foot. The very smartest-looking men I saw in all Tientsin were three "non-coms" of the Fifteenth Infantry, whose clean bright khaki, polished buttons and insignia, and carefully creased and set hats were not to be beaten by the smartest Welsh Fusilier or the Kaiser's marine infantry.

The Astor House, a large gray building with a square tower and broad verandas, like those upon the hotels at Saratoga and Richfield, fronts upon the pretty little public garden, once the lounging-place for Tientsin's gay European colony, but now locked up and deserted. For a long time closed, except as the Russian staff headquarters, its proprietor has reopened it to the public at exorbitant rates, and to-day is coining money. The place has become the centre of Tientsin life, and one has but to sit in one of the lounging-chairs in the shade of the veranda to see all the busy stir and movement of the occupation pass in review.

The long veranda itself is dotted with groups of officers seated about little tables smoking and chatting and drinking cold beer or iced whiskey and soda. In the corner sits a Russian general surrounded by his staff-officers, with huge, mysterious portfolios and formidable-looking envelopes, which they present with much clicking of heels together and rigid salutes with the hand. At the next table sit a group of correspondents in the half-civilian, half-military garb so beloved by the fraternity, with a special tendency towards huge helmets and sun-topés. Some have just returned from the rescue of the legations at Peking; others have but just landed from the transport that brought them and their cameras from the States. The new ones are as eager to obtain as the old ones are to impart information and advice. The scene would, indeed, be incomplete without their happy-go-lucky, good-natured presence.

At the next table sits a German officer of high rank, stern and rigid in manner, with elaborate shoulder-knots, and a decoration pendent from the collar of his tightly girt khaki. To him come many fair-haired

14th United States Infantry.
Colonel Daggett and Staff.
Pack-horses.

THE AMERICAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO PEKING.

officers and orderlies, whose salutes are made with an agony of repetition and ceremony.

Further on is a group of British and American officers—army, navy, and marines; a sprinkling of white and khaki, of naval caps, khaki helmets, and campaign hats. These are engaged in further cementing the unofficial, but none the less evident, Anglo-Saxon alliance that has inevitably increased in the fighting in this campaign. Through it all they have fought together and stood by each other invariably.

And thus all day are the little tables surrounded by a laughing, chatting, smoking throng. The busy Chinese attendants, the bustling orderlies, are coming and going in a veritable babel of tongues—guttural Russian and German, smooth French and Italian, and all varieties of English, from the careful drawl of a London dandy through all the variations of cockney and the many gradations of our own land to the most high-pitched nasal twang.

Outside, through the slats of the rail, we see pass a vivid panorama of military life. First it is the Russian general going for a ride in a three-horse droschky, whose driver's blouse of vivid scarlet trimmed with blue embroidered edges and low-crowned hat make a strong note of coloring. Around this very Russian vehicle ride the staff, with much clanking of swords. Ahead and behind is a detachment of Russian cavalry—big fellows whose small and shaggy Siberian ponies seem all out of proportion.

Next come slowly along, under guard of a very fierce-looking, bushy-bearded Sikh, four captive Boxers. Their legs are chained together in pairs, and upon their shoulders rests an X-shaped piece of wood, whence hangs a can in which are gathered the street sweepings. Their faces are stolid and expressionless, but one cannot but believe that they regret their attempt to get ahead of the "foreign devils."

Now a detachment of Germans comes by, saluting the officers on the veranda by all looking towards them and stamping deafeningly with their feet in time. Following these are English sailors and American marines arm in arm; an American infantryman and a German marine, talking volubly in the language of the Vaterland; Austrian sailors; Russians; French; Italian sailors; quaint French native soldiery from Annam with preposterous hats; native Indian troops with all varieties of turbans; long lines of coolies from India, scantily clad, and with pipe-stem legs, but with tremendous endurance concealed therein; "Tommy Atkinses" of the Welsh Fusiliers; straw-hatted British jackies; trim, soldierly Chinese men of the Wei-hai-wei regiment, their cues coiled up under their flat straight-brimmed hats; and so they pass and repass in bewildering array. Long lines of one-horse carts, each with a youthful-looking but alert and highly disciplined Japanese soldier in charge, defile by. A body of Bengal Lancers comes trotting past. An American cavalryman lopes down the dusty road, horse and rider moving easily and as one, in perfect accord—a fine example of the best light cavalry on earth, and a most gratifying sight to our patriotic pride.

The principal sight of interest for all who come here is the old native walled city, which lies about two miles away from the Astor House. Thither we made two pilgrimages. The first time we went on foot, as no 'rickshas or coolies were to be had. All available natives are eagerly captured by the troops here as soon as they venture within reach, and are at once labelled with a tag or provided with a flag to prevent their capture by the parties of other nations or regiments. Woe betide the luckless Celestial that comes within range of the European soldiery unprovided with a tag or other sign of previous capture! He will be swooped down upon in a manner worthy of the choicest traditions of the "press-gang" of old.

The walk takes one through the ruined, desolated French concession, along the river-bank, on the other side of which are many millions of bushels of salt stored in huge piles on the quay. Salt-making was a government monopoly, and the stores accumulated here represent a great value in money. This salt has been seized by France and Russia.

The road takes us through the narrow ill-smelling streets of the encircling Chinese city to the east gate of the walls. All along we have passed very few natives, and those houses left standing are tightly closed, though the subdued murmur of voices within tells us that their terror-stricken tenants are within, sheltered by the rudely scrawled notice of foreign protection, scrawled or pasted upon the door. The wording of these notices is often very curious. This protection was granted to various peaceful natives and coolies to protect them from the looters that began to swarm the city as soon as taken by our forces. Though looting has been sternly dealt with, there has been a great deal of it going on, though the principal offenders against private property were the lawless and homeless Chinese themselves. Robbery became so common that the foreign guards in the native city have orders to shoot any Chinaman on the streets after nine o'clock at night or upon the house-tops or wall. But three nights ago the men of the Fifteenth Infantry at the city arsenal were turned out by the firing of their sentries, and killed two robbers, whose bodies were found, and natives said that they had killed more.

The affairs of Tientsin are now managed by an international council, whose officials and members are chosen from officers of the various nationalities. This provisional government occupies headquarters in the yamen, or palace, of the viceroy of this province. The presiding officer is a very able Russian officer, whose diplomacy and skill have won much prestige for his country. It is undoubtedly due to his genius that the railway passed under Russian control. Russia is quick to reward her faithful officers, and he has been promoted to a major-generalship. As the head of the provisional government, he gets a salary of 20,000 Mexican dollars per annum from the Tientsin funds.

This government provides both native and foreign police. The former are trustworthy natives, who are stationed about the native city to maintain order and to report any serious outbreak to the foreign soldier police. They are provided with a small card having upon it the words "Please follow me at once." Upon any trouble they at once communicate with the guard-house of the European police, whence a patrol is sent out to follow them to the scene of the trouble. They wear a blue Chinese costume with red-tasselled hat, and are armed only with a night-stick.

The rectangular walled city, its gates, and environs are divided into four districts, in each of which is quartered a detachment of foreign troops, who act as police under the orders of the chief police officer of the provisional government, a captain in the British service. During this service they wear a special badge of yellow cloth on their sleeve. Upon this are marked, in red, Chinese characters indicating the nature of their service. The officers receive an extra compensation of two Mexican dollars per day; non-coms., thirty cents; and privates, twenty and ten cents, according to their class. Richly is it deserved, for it is lonely, hot, tedious, and dangerous work moving about among the filth and flies of these narrow streets among a horde of people whose treachery and hatred might burst out at any moment.

The northeast section is occupied by the Japanese, the northwest by the French, the southwest from the British Sikhs, and the southeast by American marines. A special detail of the American army forces guards the ruins of the mint, and a company of the Fifteenth Infantry, under Captain Manney, U.S.A., and Lieutenant Reeve, U.S.A., guards the very valuable arsenal in the southeast corner of the city. The south gate, which the Japs blew up on the night of the 13th of July after the heavy battle, and through which entrance was made to the city, is held by our marines.

The show-places, of course, are the mint and the arsenal. The former contained millions in the shoe-shaped silver sycees. Upon the taking of the city, the Chinese carried off much of it, but there was a great deal left, and some of the first soldiers getting in made rich hauls until it was taken over and put under a strong guard by our forces. Prior to this it had been burned, and to-day is a mass of dusty piles of brick. Soldiers dig about in these during their hours off guard, and are rewarded by an occasional find. The government took and secured all that could be found, but there was much left, and a soldier grubbing among the bricks the day I was there had taken out the value of thirty-six Mexican dollars in the morning. It has proved a miniature Leadville for the men on guard over it.

The arsenal was filled with all sorts of guns and munitions of war, from the most modern Mannlicher to the oldest type of flintlock, all heaped up in the brick store-houses in reckless confusion. One walks over piles of cartridges, bayonets, and fuses. Explosive percussion-caps, cans of powder, dynamite, and nitro-glycerine are scattered about in a manner that makes one shudder when one sees how very near the shells have come to it. One large shell from a British gun passed within about three feet of a brick house full of enough nitro-glycerine and dynamite to destroy the whole city. Here are many types of machine and rapid-fire guns, uniforms, drums, bugles, cordage, everything requisite for the complete arming of an army, though in a most varied manner. The Chinese officials seem to have been fair game for every arms manufacturer and jobber the world over, and so they have gotten together a wonderful conglomerate.

Our second visit to the walled town was made in 'rickshas secured for us through the kindness of our American consul, Mr. James Ragsdale, who has been present in Tientsin all through the siege and after. The consulate lies in the residence part of the city, which did not suffer as severely as the rest, but none the less shows many marks of the terrific bombardment the city underwent.

This time we went by the south gate, passing over the uneven, partly overflowed battle-ground of July 13, where the marines and Ninth Infantry fought so well and lost so heavily, and where Colonel Liscum and Captain Davis met the soldier's death. As one looks over the flat plain and then upon the high wall with its commanding outlook one realizes how murderous must have been the fire from the Chinese, and one appreciates more than ever how magnificent was the steadiness with which our men held their positions all through the long hot day.

It is becoming cooler now in Tientsin, but even now one is glad to get back out of the dust and heat into the shade of the hotel and to dine comfortably in the evening. As we go in to the dining-room and see the spotlessly dressed men about us, and hear from down the street the music of a regimental band, it is hard to realize that real war is so near at hand. To add to the effect a man drives by in a smart trap, a handsome woman at his side. They are the advance-guard of the residents returning to refit their shattered homes, their confidence restored by the presence of our forces.

And after dinner the men of war relax and take to cards and billiards, and the café is a busy sight. Here is a group of Russians eagerly gathered about a table, staking rubles on "rouge et noir." There is a party of Germans playing poker. In a corner is the German commander and some exalted personages having a very dignified game of pinochle. At one billiard table is a party of Americans playing pool, at another are English. Sitting out in the veranda in the cool semi-obscurity, their cigarettes glowing like many fireflies, are many men of many nations. Slowly as the evening passes away the groups thin, the chatter lessens, and one hears then the tramp of men, the ring of a rifle-butt upon the ground, the sounds of the sentries about the deserted streets. The lights go out slowly, we mount to our room, and under the heavy and recessary mosquito-net, Tientsin to-day is no more.

GENERAL CHAFFEE AND STAFF WAITING IN THE TAKU ROAD, TIENTSIN, FOR THE AMERICAN COLUMN TO START.

THE BRITISH CAMP IN THE IMPERIAL PARK, PEKING.
Imperial Carriages used for Baggage-Carts.

The Social Problem in the University.

By John Corbin

THE establishment of the new Union at Harvard is the first official recognition of the fact that there is something wrong in the social condition among the undergraduates. There was a time when the under-classman society, the venerable Institute of 1770, included almost a half of each class, and succeeded on the whole in selecting the more clubable fellows, while the upper-classman society, the Hasty Pudding, was almost equally inclusive and representative. And the most select clubs, the wheels within these wheels, came pretty near being the cream of the cream. There were heart-burnings, of course, among the excluded, and many rival societies were formed, but they were for the most part abortive, and in retrospect there really does seem to have been a golden age when the social organizations were ample in size and representative. The conditions were, roughly speaking, those which exist to-day in small colleges, such as Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst, and because of which so many wise parents prefer such colleges to the great universities. Of late years the number of undergraduates at Yale and Harvard has doubled and doubled again, while the social organizations have been much tardier in expanding; and as it is physically impossible to sift thoroughly so large a body of men, the societies are not only far too small, but they have ceased to be really representative. The Harvard of to-day is made up of innumerable cliques, unknown and all but unknowable to one another. Of the ancient societies and clubs it can only be said that they are, on the whole, the largest, pleasantest, and most profitable cliques to belong to. It has been urged that the new Union will make all Harvard men known to one another. College House is to shake hands with Claverly, Phi Beta Kappa with Porcellian, and the fellows who hitherto, in spite of a desire to be sociable, have lived through four years of solitary confinement, each in his petty circle of friends, are to enjoy the acquaintance of all the men they may desire to know.

The instrument with which it is hoped to bring about a social millennium was suggested by the celebrated Union which, it is believed, has a similarly happy influence on Oxford undergraduate life. Unfortunately, our accounts of the Oxford Union are derived from men who seem to have spent at Oxford only the time travellers usually give it on their way to London from the steamer at Liverpool.

If the Oxford Union has not been thoroughly understood on this side of the water it is because it would be hard even for an Oxford man to explain it thoroughly. When it was founded, early in the century, it was primarily a debating society—in fact, it was the only university debating society of note at Oxford. Its members were carefully selected for their ability in discussing the questions of the day; in its debates Gladstone, Rosebery, and countless others of the great English statesmen of recent times got their first parliamentary training. The present fame of the Union in England is very largely based upon this fact, but its character is metamorphosed. It early developed social features, and though it was still exclusive in its membership, men of all kinds were taken in. In time the social features became so prominent that the Oxford Union is said to be the prototype of those vast political clubs in London in which any and all principles are subordinated to the kitchen and the wine-cellar. The Union debates, though still of first-rate quality, became little by little a mere incident. The club was chiefly remarkable as the epitome of all the broad elements of Oxford life. The library was filled with men reading or working at special hobbies; the reading-room and smoking-room were crowded; the lawn was daily thronged with undergraduates gossiping over a cup of tea; the telegram-board, which had been the shrine of embryo politicians watching for the results from a general election, was more often profaned by sporting-men scanning it for the winner of the Derby or the Ascot. In a word, the Union held the elect of Oxford, intellectual, social, and sporting. This is the Union remembered by the older graduates, and this, except for a single feature, is the Union that has inspired the originators of the Harvard Union.

The Oxford man of later times knows all too well that this Union is no more. Some years ago, responding to a democratic impulse that has been very strong of late at Oxford, it threw down all barriers to membership. To-day virtually any man may join. The result is not a social millennium. The very feature that is to be most prominent in the University Club at Harvard is the feature that destroyed the character of the Union as a representative body. To the casual observer it still looks very much as it did a dozen years ago, but its glory has departed. The men who used to give it character are now more likely to be found in smaller clubs very much like the clubs of an American university.

The small university debating clubs are the Russell, the Palmerston, the Canning, and the Chatham, each of which stands for some special stripe of political thought, and each of which has a special color which it wears in hat-bands—a sure sign of the pride of exclusiveness. The clubs meet periodically—often weekly—in the rooms of members. Sometimes a paper is read which is followed by an informal discussion, but the usual exercise is a formal debate. Time was when the best debates came off at the Union, and writers of leading articles in London papers still look to the Union as a political weather-vane. The debates there are still earnest and sometimes brilliant, and to have presided over them is a distinction of value in after-life, but as far as I could gather, the smaller debating clubs are seriously intrenching on their prestige.

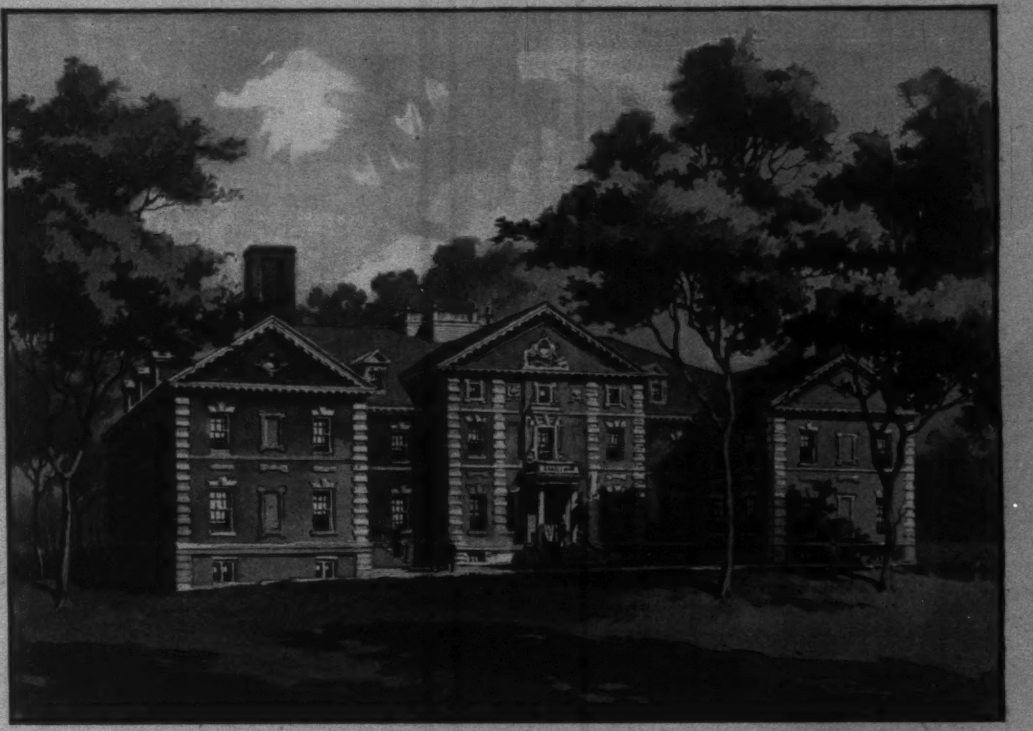
The university social clubs are of a newness that shocks even an American, but it would not be quite just to account for the fact by regarding them as mere offshoots, like the debating clubs, of a parent Union. Until the present century, there has really been no university at Oxford, at least in modern times. The colleges were quite independent of each other socially and athletically, and they even granted Oxford degrees. The social clubs which now admit members from the university at large began life as wine clubs of separate colleges, and even to-day the influence of the parent college is apt to predominate. The noteworthy fact is that in proportion as the social prestige of the Union has declined, these college wine clubs have gained character and prestige as university organizations. The oldest of them is the Bullingdon, which is not quite as old, I gathered, as the Institute of 1770 at Harvard, and considered as a university organization it is, of course, much younger. It was originally the Christ Church Wine Club, and to-day it is dominated by the sporting element of Christ Church, which is the most aristocratic of Oxford colleges. In former years, it is said, the club had kennels at Bullingdon, and held periodic hunts there, and the club is still largely composed of hunting-men. To-day it justifies its name mainly by having an annual dinner beneath the heavy rafters of a mediæval barn at Bullingdon. On these, as on other state occasions, the members wear a distinctive costume—no doubt a tradition from the time when men generally wore colors—which consists of a blue evening-coat with white facing and brass buttons, a canary waistcoat, and a blue tie. This uniform is no doubt found in more aristocratic wardrobes than any other Oxford trophy. The influence of the Bullingdon is indirectly to discourage athletics, which it regards as unaristocratic and incompatible with conviviality, so that Christ Church, though the largest of Oxford colleges, and one of the wealthiest, is of secondary importance in sports. For this reason the pre-eminence of the Bullingdon has suffered a partial eclipse, for the middle-class spirit which is invading Oxford has given athletic sports the precedence over hunting, while expensive living and mere social exclusiveness are less the vogue. By a curious analogy one of the oldest and most exclusive of Harvard clubs is similarly antagonistic to the athletic spirit. Another old and prominent college wine club that has come to elect members from without is the Phœnix of Brasenose, the uniform of which is perhaps more beautiful than the Bullingdon uniform, consisting of a peculiar dark wine-colored coat, brass buttons, and a light buff waistcoat. And in general social organizations in the Oxford colleges are more or less taking on a university character.

The most popular and representative club is Vincent's, which owes its prominence to the fact that it expresses the enthusiasm of modern Oxford for athletics. It was founded scarcely a third of a century ago, but it must be remembered that inter-'varsity boating did not become a fixture until 1839, that the first athletic meeting came in 1864, and that inter-'varsity football did not come until 1873. It was originally composed largely of men from University College, then a leader in sports, but later elected many men from Brasenose. When Brasenose became more prominent in athletics than University, it gained a controlling influence in Vincent's. Its name the club took from a printer's shop above which it had its rooms. Any second-year man is eligible—in fact, until lately Freshmen were often taken in. The limit of members is ninety, but as the club is always a dozen or so short of this, no good fellow is excluded for the lack of a place. Like all Oxford clubs, Vincent's will always, I suppose, lean towards men of some special college or group of colleges, yet it is careful to elect all clubable "blues," and is in point of fact quite as representative of the university at large as, for instance, the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, or the Senior societies at Yale, to which, on the whole, it most nearly corresponds.

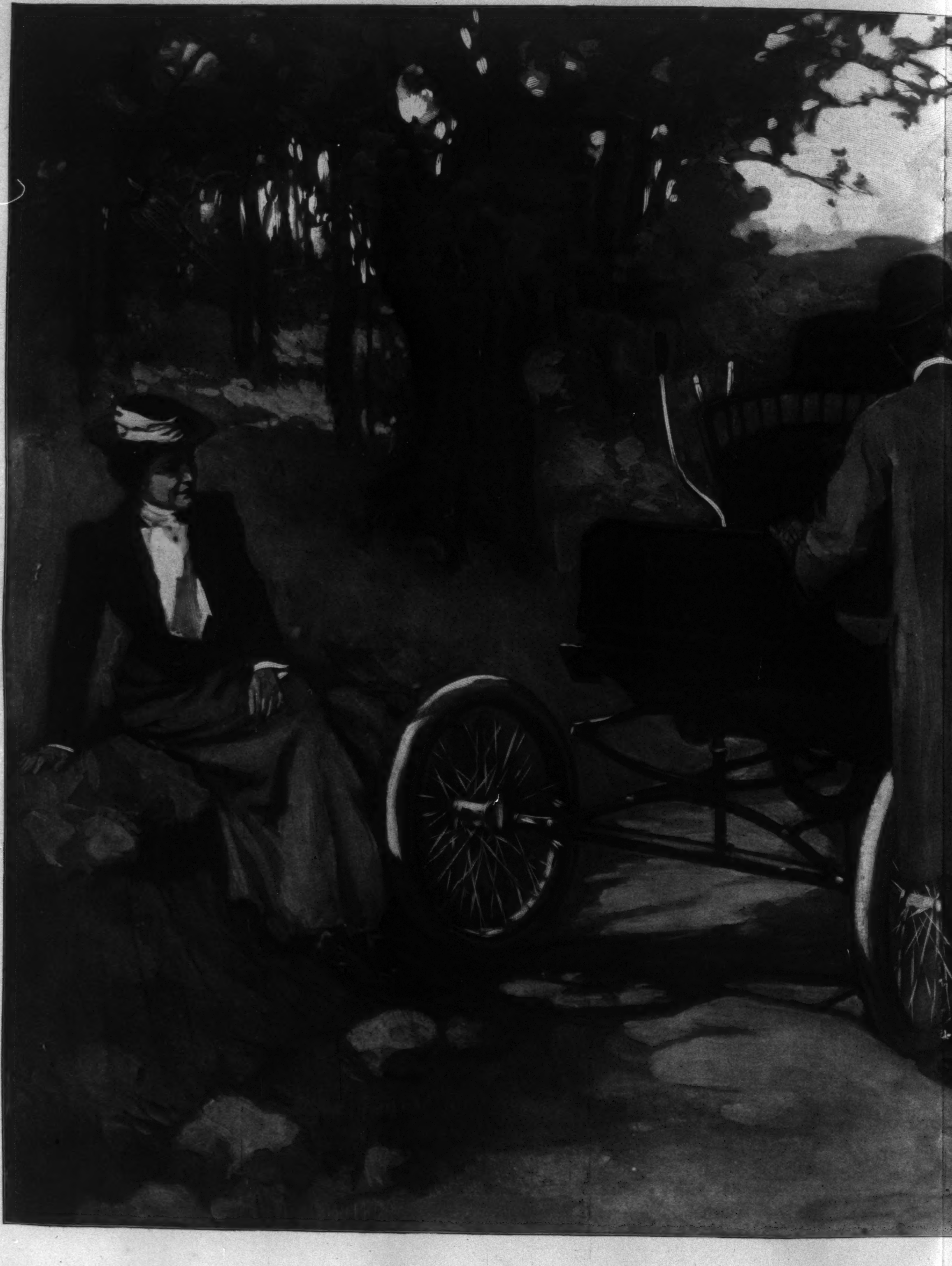
This development of small clubs, so like the clubs of an American university, has sapped the strength of the Union on every side. Politically, socially, and even in that most essential department the kitchen, it holds a second place. If you ask men of the kind that used to give the Union its character why they never go there, they will tell you in the most gentlemanly phrase how the pressure of other undergraduate activities is so great that they have not yet found time to cultivate the fellows one finds at the Union; and this is quite true. If Oxford is united socially it is not because of the Oxford Union.

Here is a plain case: When the Union ceased to be exclusive, its best elements flocked by themselves, and the result is a growth of small exclusive clubs. At Harvard the exclusive clubs and societies are both ancient and honorable, and, moreover, very comfortable. Does it seem likely that their members will rout themselves out of their distinguished cosy corners to join the merry rout at the new Harvard Union? I don't suppose any one at Harvard seriously thinks that they will.

All this is not to cast a gloomy eye upon the new university club; it is rather by way of emphasizing the very important work it has to do. Hitherto the lounging-grounds of the unaffiliated (alas! that with such an Alma Mater so many are forever unaffiliated!) have been public billiard-rooms and tobacco-shops. For the solace of a midnight supper one had to go to the straw-hatted genius of the sandwich ("Ham or fish, sir? To be hung up, of course"), and for the luxury of a late breakfast to John of the Holly Tree ("Soft poached, sir? And plenty of hot milk in the coffee. No, sir, if it's the same to you, I don't like to run student accounts"). And John the Orange Man! Great worthies these, ancient and most honorable; but even in the enchantment of retrospect they somehow or other explain why so many fellows choose to live, for the most part, in small cliques in one another's rooms and cultivate the deadly chafing-dish. For such fellows—by far the larger part of each class—the new club-house will be a God-send. It is much more fun to cut a nine-o'clock lecture if you are sure of a comfortable chair at breakfast and a real napkin; and even in the brutal gladness of youth it is pleasant to be seated at a midnight supper. And then, after that athletic dinner at Memorial, a place to loaf quietly over a pipe with whatever congenial spirit one finds and listen to the clicking of billiard balls! It is also proposed that the 'varsity athletes have their training tables at the new Union, so that any fellow may come to know them clothed and in their right minds. I fancy that the new club will leave those old worthies a trifle lonesome, and will banish the chafing-dish forever. The spirit of an old graduate somehow takes kindly to the idea of a place like that—how the spirit of Bishop Brooks, for instance, would enjoy slipping in of an evening for the cigar they have denied him in the house erected in his memory! And for the graduate in the flesh the club-house will be no less welcome, especially if he is unlucky enough, as most men are, not to have a club of his own to go back to. To love one's Alma Mater it is, of course, not necessary to have a club; but it somehow interferes with the sentiment of a home-coming to be obliged to go back to Boston by trolley for luncheon and dinner, and to eat it among aliens. In the new Union it will ever be possible to put up for the night.



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE HARVARD UNION.



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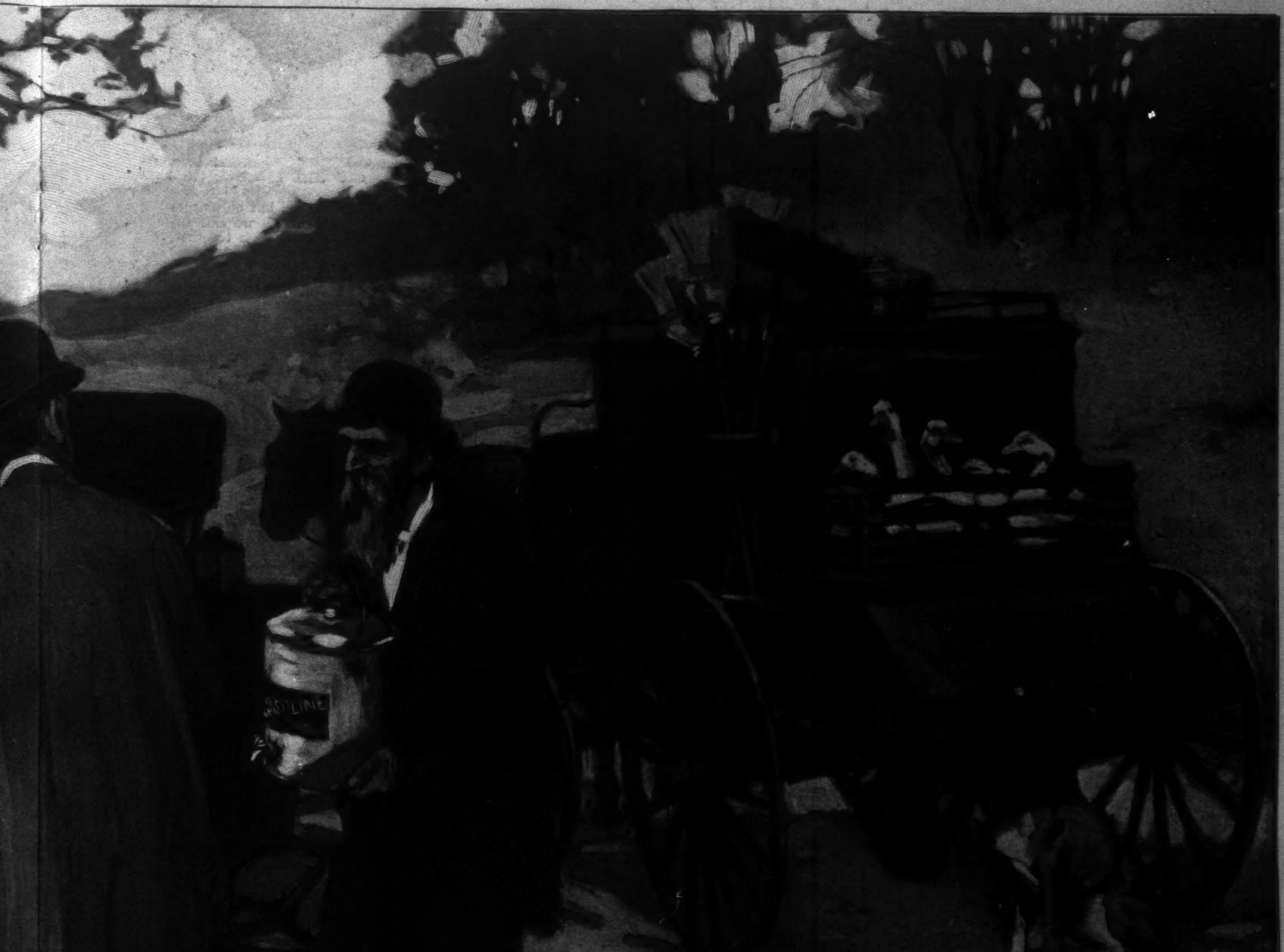
ASOLINE
W.D.Stevens

IAL ENCOUNTER

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la* Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. Visiting "the yellow house" by stealth he learns that the ruby has been placed in the hands of a certain M. Vauclot. There are evil tales afloat about "the yellow house," and in a secret room Cary finds his valet Achille, who had mysteriously disappeared several days before. M. Vauclot is giving a dinner party, and his guests are the Chevalier du Midi, otherwise Prince Infelix of Aetolia, and Captain Coventry, whom Cary has finally identified as the man with the Pompadour hair.

CHAPTER XI

MAITRE VAUCLOT DINES

IT was a full hour before I could get Achille in condition to be moved. My return had seemed to unman him completely; he lay on the slatted floor of the balcony, alternately laughing and sobbing.

At last the fit passed, and the poor fellow became amenable to reason once more. But he was so weak that I had to half carry him down the three flights of stairs—something of a task, for Achille was a well-built man. However, it was accomplished without mishap, and we finally stood safe in the court.

The impulse was inexplicable, but it was nevertheless irresistible—I must have one parting look at Maître Vauclot's dinner party. The risk was small, and it would take but a minute or so at the furthest. Assisting Achille to a seat on a bench, and promising to return immediately, I ran up to the first floor, and passed to my old point of vantage in the middle room. Dinner was over, for the coffee-pot stood at Maître Vauclot's hand, and Perroquet was filling the liqueur-glasses at the sideboard. Poor du Midi! It was evident that he had been drinking deeply; his eyes were set, and his head lolled helplessly to one side, as he lay back in the big leather-lined chair.

Suddenly Coventry tossed off his cognac, and pushed back from the table.

"We must be going," he said, shortly, and looked around at du Midi. And then, disgustedly, "Why, the man's drunk!" He jumped up and shook him violently by the shoulders.

"Deuce take it!" said Coventry, with open irritation. "And we had an engagement at the Jockey Club for ten o'clock. Can't you give him something that will straighten him out?"

"Drunk as a lord," said Vauclot, cynically. He drew down the lower eyelid of the unconscious man, examining the pupil with a close scrutiny. "He's like a log now, and will be for ten hours to come. Leave him here with me for the night—you can make his excuses at the club, and sleep and rest will bring him around all right in the morning."

"Well, you can tell him that I will be at his apartments by half after twelve. It's cursedly inconvenient for me, but there's no help for it, I suppose. I'll help you get him up stairs, and then I must be off, or I shall miss my other man altogether."

There was not an instant to lose, and I slipped quietly into the hall and down the staircase. The court-yard was empty; Achille had disappeared.

For a little while I stood irresolute. It was plain that Achille had become alarmed at my protracted absence, and had made his own way to the street. I glanced into the vaulted passage, and saw that the door stood ajar. I had only to follow, and I too should be clear of these ill-omened walls.

And yet I could not shut my eyes upon what I had already seen. After what I had learned of this hideous house, I could not leave du Midi behind me—above all, in his present helpless condition. The commonest humanity would forbid the abandonment of a comrade under such circumstances, and du Midi had even established some claim upon my friendship. Little by little we had drifted into relations that were almost intimate.

Rapidly as I had turned this over in my mind, I had delayed just a few seconds too long. I had walked over to the far end of the court-yard to see if I could make out anything at the windows, and before I realized my position, Perroquet and Coventry had entered the enclosure, and were between me and the street door.

It is always the unexpected. On this occasion Perroquet did not leave the door-key in the lock, but carried it away with him. I could see it swinging at the end of his finger, as he emerged from the passage and shuffled slowly across the court-yard. I was trapped, and in my vexation I involuntarily snapped my fingers. The noise could make no difference, but the motion, slight as it was, attracted his attention.

There was but one thing to do, and I sprang straight at him. Taken as he was at a disadvantage, and an old man, too, I was quickly made aware that I had a big piece of work cut out for me. So strong was he on his legs that he all but succeeded in recovering his balance; but I had tackled him low and hard, and the shock carried him just a trifle too far. Dropping his lantern, he wound both of his long apelike arms about my neck. I felt the muscles of my jaw relax, and my tongue fell out helplessly; I was suffocating, dying. Then we went down with a crash, Perroquet being underneath. He quivered and lay still, stunned by the crack that his head had received from its contact with the stone flagging of the court-yard. Panting and confused, I managed to extricate myself from that hideous embrace, and scrambled to my feet. Six feet away stood Maître Vauclot, and I was looking straight into the muzzle of the brown pistol-barrel that lay along the hollow of his arm.

"Ah, my young friend who corresponds with his sister in Alsace! This is twice to-day that you are in my house. Well, you are persistent, and perhaps you had better stay altogether. See! I have but to crook my finger, so."

There was no possible reply for me to make. His tone of polite irony never wavered as he went on:

"You had your warning, and you refused to profit by it. Very well, monsieur, we shall be well acquainted before we part. Understand, too, that when I propose to know a man, I am accustomed to look well below the surface. I am not content with externals, and so I cut, I dig, I probe—I find the real man; I lay him before me as though I were his God. Ah, you comprehend my meaning; we are beginning to know each other already—that is good."

The heap of clothes that was Perroquet stirred, and he groaned feebly. His master kicked at him with deliberate and intelligent directness; there is a nerve ganglion at the point of the elbow that can be touched with effect by one who knows where to find it. The wretch started up as though he had received an electric shock.

"Quick! you pig, and give us a light ahead there. Now, monsieur, if you will be so good."

Arrived at the office, I was motioned to a chair, and Vauclot seated himself at the big table, with the pistol lying within easy reach of his hand. I waited—not that I feared the chance of a bullet, but because there were other interests than my own life at stake. When I did make my spring, I must be reasonably sure of the ground under me. I kept my eyes upon my captor's face; I paid no attention to the questions that he put to me; I hoped that my contemptuous indifference might annoy him—that it might draw him off his guard for the one precious moment that I wanted. An admirable idea, was it not? But listen.

The next time you go to the Zoo make your way to the great bird-cage where the birds of prey—the eagles, the falcons, the vultures—blink sleepily on their perches. Poke at one of them with your umbrella, and notice how the bird receives the insult. You will see the pupils visibly dilating, and the filmy inner eyelid drawing back all around the circle. That is the nictitating membrane through which he looks at the sun, and only opens when he desires to paralyze his prey.

Have I spoken before of the brilliant, changeful hawklike eyes under the white thatch of those cavernous eyebrows? I saw them now bent full upon me; the outer lids had widened to their utmost, exposing the grayish membrane that lay beneath them. The next instant this inner veil had parted, and I was looking into the pit.

From where I sat it seemed an infinite distance to the big table. I saw my adversary rise from his chair and come towards me, but I was not alarmed—it would be millions of years before he would be near enough to touch me, and I should have plenty of time in which to slip aside, to run away.

Fool that I was! I had forgotten how fast he walked; already an eternity had passed, my last yard of vantage had been swallowed up. God! he was putting out his hand—

But that final step was never taken. He stopped short, with his head thrust far forward, and as he listened, his delicately pointed ears quivered and stood erect, as though controlled by the flexible aural muscles belonging to the lower animals.

And then upon my duller senses smote the vibrations of a sound, penetrating and compelling. Then it came again, sliding upward, through discordant intervals, to a nerve-shaking shriek, and then dropping back to its fundamental bass. It was the voice of the people, thick, savage, and confused; the merciless note of the wild beast that dares to utter his cry only when men are no longer men, but only units in that formless, monstrous thing which we call the mob. And we three who listened drew close together, and our hands touched; for one brief moment we were conscious only of one common humanity, and of one common peril. And so we waited.

CHAPTER XII

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

IT was Vauclot's wit that first recovered its keen edge, and was ready to strike back at the enemy, as yet invisible and unknown. With one spring he had gained the window overlooking the street, and I was at his side as he threw it up. Already blows were falling upon the street entrance to the "yellow house"—men beating upon the iron-studded oak with their bare fists.

The meaning of the situation was not difficult to read. Undoubtedly Achille had told his story, and a spark runs quickly through tinder.

Maître Vauclot had turned, and was talking on his fingers to Perroquet. He nodded, and left the room.

"The police?" I said, inquiringly.

"Bah!" he answered, shortly. "It will be twenty minutes before they come at all, and then they will do nothing. But if Perroquet can get the grating into place I will snap my fingers at the assassins.

I took a candle from one of the wall sconces and stood on the landing, while Vauclot descended the stairs and closed and bolted the iron-plated door leading into the court-yard. If the mob did succeed in forcing the outer entrance, this barrier should keep them busy for at least a quarter of an hour longer.

We went back into the office, and I opened one of the rear windows looking upon the court-yard and leaned out. I was surprised to see Perroquet there, and it was only then that I understood what his master had meant by getting the grating into place. I now saw that the deaf-mute was hard at work upon a pair of iron gates that were intended to protect the inner entrance of the vaulted passage leading to the street. Evidently they had not been used for a long time, for the hinges were rusty, and desperately hard to move. Already there was a thunder of blows upon the outer or street door—the axes must have arrived at last, and Perroquet would have to be quick. God in heaven! how slowly the man works! And yet if he cannot get the gates closed in time, he at least is lost, for by the closing of the iron door his amiable master has cut off his only line of retreat.

In my excitement I had thrown the window wide open, and was leaning far out over the sill. From the noise in the street I knew that the outer door must be shaking on its hinges, but Perroquet had at last succeeded in starting the refractory gate. With one last effort of strength he swung the two leaves together; he had only to slip the bolt into place and he was safe. But that, too, was rusty, and for a second or so it resisted his efforts; then it moved, it had almost reached its socket—

A plunge and a roar, and the human wave had broken through. There was a little eddy around the spot where Perroquet had but just now stood alone, and I caught one glimpse of an arm thrown upward.

Now the whirlpool had disappeared, and the crowd, as though moved by a common impulse, separated to either side. A vacant space; nothing there but a tiny fragment of an old velveteen coat. And yet Perroquet had been a stout man in his day.

The sea of white faces seemed to rise up to meet me; in another moment I should have fallen into the abyss. But a strong hand drew me back.

"We are in the same boat now," said Vauclot, coolly. "These fellows make no distinction between fur and feather, when once their blood is up, and I advise you to keep well out of sight."

The methodical Maître Vauclot made up his papers into a bundle, and thrust them into an inside pocket. Then he looked up at me.

"The iron door gives us fifteen minutes grace, for they will have to send for dynamite. If you want to save your skin, you had better follow me implicitly."

The blind instinct of self-preservation was upon me, and I stepped forward, ready to do the bidding of this stronger will. Then I stopped short, weighed down by that curious sense of something forgotten, of duty left undone. There was something, somebody else—du Midi! Ah, now it all comes back, clearing my brain of its cobweb of horrors and making a man of me again. The pistol still lay on the table; I picked it up and held it ready for use. Vauclot turned at the moment, and our eyes met.

"You need my assistance to insure your escape," I said, coming close to him. "You shall have it, but only upon conditions, and first: Where is du Midi?"

"In my own room, the back one on the second floor. But the man is a helpless burden; you are only throwing away your own chance."

"I will be the judge of that," I answered, briefly. "Lead on!"

We found the Chevalier still dressed, and lying upon the outside of the bed. He was in a deep sleep, and it was impossible to rouse him. The opiate must

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have been a powerful one, and it would probably retain its effects for several hours to come.

"What is your plan?" I asked.

"A rope-ladder," he answered. "The ell of the house runs clear to the Rue du Vieux Colombier, and it is not likely that any one will be on guard there."

"Where is the ladder?"

"It is intended to be lowered through a window of the attic room on the top floor."

I bent over the unconscious form of the young man, and slewed it around so that I could get my hands under his armpits. "Take his feet," I ordered.

A thunderous crash re-echoed through the house. The door must have given way, and the wolves were even now in possession. Confused cries and the sound of heavy, hurrying feet filled our ears. My unwilling ally made no further objection, and we started off with our load, a dead-weight of one hundred and sixty pounds, and no joke even for young muscles. I was glad enough to stop for a moment on the next landing, while Vauclot was unlocking the door of the stairway leading to the attic floor:

"HE WAS PUTTING OUT HIS HAND."

This last flight was heart-breaking, the stairs being unusually narrow and having a double turn in them. But at last we made it, the first step on the road to safety. Vauclot looked ready to collapse, and I had to help him to a chair and give him a mouthful of brandy to hearten him. It would be several minutes before he would be able to move, and in the mean time I might be learning something about the movements of the enemy. I went down the last flight of steps, unlocked the door at the bottom, and listened.

So far as I could make out the mob were still engaged in the agreeable occupation of looting the first-floor rooms. But at any moment a straggler might appear, and the avenger of blood would not be far behind him. It would not take long to search those empty rooms on the second and third floors, and I concluded that I had not an instant to lose. I was up the stairs again in a couple of bounds, but of my two companions only the unconscious du Midi remained. Maître Vauclot had disappeared.

There was no time to speculate upon the mystery of his desertion. In one corner of the room a large closet had been built out, and this I found to be locked. In all probability it was intended to mask the window through which the rope-ladder ran, and my treacherous ally might even now be making his escape. I pounded upon the door, and then tried to break it down. Impossible, for it was strongly made.

Now I had not entered upon this adventure of the "yellow house" without taking the precautions that were obvious and within my reach. Chief among them was the patent fire-escape rope which I wore coiled about my waist, and which was concealed by my outer garments from ordinary observation. This rope was of silk, and weighed but a few ounces. But it was guaranteed to support a weight of seven hundred pounds. The operator stood with his feet in a sort of stirrup, and regulated the speed of his descent by means of a friction-clutch.

Having unwound the rope, and put it into working order, I went to the other window in the room that commanded the Rue du Vieux Colombier, and tried to measure with my eye the distance to the pavement. It looked pretty far down, but when I had secured and dropped the rope it seemed to me that the end was not more than six feet short of the ground.

The simple but effective mechanism worked admirably, and our united weight of three hundred pounds and odd was well within the factor of safety. Down we went until we were nearly on a level with the first-story windows. And this was as far as we could go; the rope was that much too short. I looked below. It was fully ten feet to the pavement—not too much of a drop had I been unencumbered, but impossible under the present circumstances.

Lights were gleaming now from all the windows of the "yellow house," and every nook and corner buzzed as with a swarm of angry bees. At any moment we might be discovered, and again I measured the distance to the ground. If the drop must be made, it would be better to take it separately rather than together.

There was the sound of a sash being quietly opened, and, glancing up, I saw a man in a red shirt at the window immediately over our heads. He wasted no words, but struck savagely at me with a meat-knife, leaning far out over the sill. But we were hanging at least four feet lower than his window, and he could not reach me, try as he would.

The rope was swinging within arm's-length, and, reaching out, he drew it towards him and began hacking at it with his knife. It looked as though the Chevalier and I would go down together, after all.

"Let Stephan take the Chevalier," came from below, in the coolly measured voice of mademoiselle. I looked down and saw that a coach had been driven up on the sidewalk and directly under our point of suspension.

"Quick, Mr. Cary"—and mademoiselle stamped her little foot imperiously. To the feminine mind, a man's wits seem to act with intolerable slowness at such a time, and yet I am sure that I did not lose the fractional part of a second in passing down du Midi into Stephan's strong arms and following on my own account. There was a disappointed yell from above, and the big knife came whirling down, and stuck quivering in the coach-roof. The horses made a forward plunge, and the wheels of the carriage jolted heavily over the curb. But Samson quickly had the animals in hand, and the next instant we were all safe upon the ground. I fairly lifted mademoiselle to her place, and jumped to the box-seat. At the corner of the Rue de Rennes torches were gleaming, and a score of dark forms were dashing towards us. The coach was already in motion, but one stone reached its mark and smashed a side-lamp. Samson drew his whip-lash along the flanks of his horses, and they broke into a gallop.

"Look behind, m'sieu," said Stephan. I turned. A gigantic mushroom cloud of smoke was forming above the roof of the "yellow house," and a tongue of flame shot out from a window.

It was long past midnight when we reached the Rue d'Alger, but the General was still at work. Mademoiselle had joined her father in the library, and was standing at the fireplace, drawing off her gloves. I walked up without a word, and gave her the little leather bag that I had taken from the secret drawer of Maître Vauclot's cabinet.

"Open it," I said, triumphantly, and the General got up from his chair and came over to where we were standing.

Mademoiselle drew out the shagreen leather case, and her hand shook as she prepared to touch the spring. The cover flew back, and there lay the "Cardinal's Rose," blazing like a live coal in the rays of the argand burner. With an inarticulate cry the General seized the jewel and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Yes; we are indebted to Mr. Cary," assented mademoiselle, smilingly.

She took the jewel from her father's hand and looked at it long and searchingly. And then it suddenly slipped from her fingers, and, rolling across the rug, lay on the hearth-stone. The heavy fire-bar was at mademoiselle's hand, and before either of us could stir, she had poised and let it fall point downward. The great ruby, shattered into a hundred fragments, lay destroyed upon the hearth-stone; the "Cardinal's Rose" was no longer in existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A GOOD deal has been done for Galveston, but Clara Barton, of the Red Cross, says that not enough has been done yet. She has issued a statement in which she appeals especially for building materials to provide shelter for 8000 homeless survivors of the disaster. Winter is close at hand, and tents won't do, she says, in winter, and unless pneumonia and consumption are to have a harvest, there must be simple dwellings and household furniture for these 8000 persons. Four thousand dwellings and their contents were destroyed, she says, by the storm. She wants to build 700 four-roomed cottages in the place of them. The loss of life and property at Johnstown was much less than at Galveston, but Miss Barton says that a third more money was raised for Johnstown than has yet been given to relieve the storm-wrecked coast of Texas. She led the Red Cross force at Johnstown, and naturally recalls what was done there. In that flood about 5000 lives were lost. The contributions controlled by the Flood Relief Commission amounted to $2,500,000, and the whole total of contributions is estimated at $3,000,000, of which New York and Philadelphia each gave $500,000. In addition (apparently) to these sums the State of Pennsylvania spent $1,000,000 in the work of clearing away the wreck. *Appleton's Encyclopaedia* says, "Among the most useful forms of relief contributions were large numbers of patent frame houses, one or two stories high, which could be erected at once." Such houses, or the materials to make them, seem to be what Miss Barton calls for now.

It might be helpful to Galveston if a report were published of the amount of relief money so far received, and the use that has been made of it.

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THE discrepancies of opinion about the equities of yacht-racing, which are a late result of the season's contests between the seventy-footers, have cast a moderate gloom over the sporting world. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, learning that changes in the ballast of his boat were believed to have been made contrary to the rules, has expressed his desire to give back all the cups which the *Rainbow* won. This was a natural sportsmanlike course, in view of the information that he received from one of his competitors, but, while his action is commended, it seems not to be the desire of the yachting community that his intentions should be carried out. All the seventy-footers are understood to have raced somewhat informally, and at present writing there is hope that it may be found that they have all violated the letter of the rules under which they competed, and that no one of them is entitled to redress as against the others. That would leave matters as they are, and Mr. Vanderbilt would have to keep his cups, which, so far as he, personally, was concerned, were fairly won. The possibility of a dispute about yacht-races has revived in the public memory the project formed after the Dunraven episode for a yacht-club station in the Sea of Sargasso, where complaints about races should be lodged and left until settled.

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BOSTON is fortunate in possessing a young man with a long memory which seems to be always at the service of the public. He is Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The continuousness of his youth appears in the vigor with which he responds to calls upon his energies. The length of his memory appears when he draws upon it, as he did at the Bancroft celebration, at Worcester, on October 3. He made a delightful address, recalling his first meeting with Mr. Bancroft, in 1834, and his more intimate relations with him beginning five years later, when he (Dr. Hale) was a teacher in the Boston Latin School, and had to do with the education of Mr. Bancroft's nephews. That was more than sixty years ago. Senator Hoar was to have talked at the Bancroft celebration, but he was called away by other duties. What he and Dr. Hale between them cannot remember about the occurrences and the personages in New England during the last sixty or seventy years is hardly worth talking about. Another speaker at Worcester was General James Grant Wilson, whose memories of Mr. Bancroft were of the later years of his life. The celebration occurred on the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Bancroft's birth. A monument was unveiled, on which the inscription sets forth that the stone marks the site of the house where George Bancroft was born.

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THE last Board of Visitors to West Point recommended that the standard of admission should be raised, and the War Department earnestly concurs in this recommendation. It is proposed that the whole matter of entrance examinations should be left in the hands of the Secretary of War. At present one-third of the appointees examined for admission fail to pass, and of those who are admitted one-half fail to graduate. The present requirements for admission were fixed by Congress in 1812, and the sole amendment that has been made to them was made in 1867. Within twenty-five years all institutions at all comparable with West Point have raised their standards of admission very much, and the educational facilities of the country have advanced so much that it is an easy matter for youths to get the additional instruction which the higher standard demands. It is bad economy and mistaken policy to admit lads to West Point who have not had the necessary training to fit them for the work they have to do there. It results in making the West Point course exceedingly hard for some cadets who graduate, and in throwing out many others who are fit for the army, and who would have graduated if they had had a fair start. The education given at West Point is higher education, and the work that naturally leads up to it should be done by candidates before they start at the Academy. There seems to be no opposition to the changes proposed, but there has been long and wasteful delay about securing the Congressional action which must precede them.

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NOTHING has been seen at this writing of the steamer *Windward*, which was expected to bring Lieutenant Peary back from the north, and there is a good deal of speculation as to her whereabouts. Mr. Peary may have been late in joining her at Etah, and so have delayed her return; her machinery, which was not very good, may have broken down, and left her to come home under sail; she may have stopped on the way at Elsmere Land, or Danish Greenland, or Peary may have decided to keep her in the north over the winter. She may be heard from any day and spoil all these hypotheses, but meanwhile she is due, and has not turned up, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, where she is looked for, her absence makes talk. The latest news of her was brought in a letter dated August 10, from God Haven, a Danish colony in Disco Island in Davis Strait. She was then on her way north to Cape York in Baffin's Bay, and so far had made a good trip.

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IT is announced that Professor Koch, bacteriologist, of Berlin, who has lately been hunting the microbe of malaria in Java and other hot countries, has perfected a medicine which is to be of the highest value in all malarial countries. It is half quinine, is to be used hypodermically and also as a swallow-medicine, and is commended both as a cure and as a preventive of malaria. We shall hope that it may fulfil all the professor's hopes. The world is ripe for it. It may do more for Long Island than even the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a vast deal for Staten Island, New Jersey, the Philippines, Italy, and many other inviting localities which careful people would like to move to if they dared. Malaria is very much on the minds of wise men in many countries just now. The disposition to blame it all on the mosquito is supported so far by the experience of British doctors, who have kept their health this summer in the most malarious districts of Italy by simply keeping behind mosquito-netting during the night and those hours of the evening in which the mosquito feeds. Not only has health been maintained in malarious districts where effectual precautions against mosquitoes have been taken, but Italian mosquitoes fed in Rome on tertian-fever patients, and brought to London and allowed to bite a healthy man, have infected him with tertian fever. So it looks as if the rule "no mosquito, no malaria," would be demonstrated, and if it is, that will be a great gain, for mosquito bites are not so unavoidable as may be thought, and in countries where folks who take care of themselves can live and work, swamps can be drained and physical conditions improved. How the mosquito theory is to apply to the form of malaria which is associated with the digging of drains and subways in cities has not been explained yet, but we shall doubtless know in good time.

◆

ANOTHER discovery, which is important if true, is reported from Paris. We are told in the New York *Sun* that two French chemists, Drs. Degrez and Balthazard, have learned by accident that bioxide of sodium will purify air so that it may be breathed over and over again. The discoverers, the story goes, sealed up animals in air-tight receptacles along with lumps of bioxide of sodium, and found that they breathed indefinitely without embarrassment. Then they put a diver's helmet lined with bioxide of sodium on a man, and found he could stay under water as long as he chose without fresh air. The chemical explanation of the phenomenon is that bioxide of sodium absorbs the carbon from carbonic-acid gas and sets free pure oxygen. This sounds a little like the inventions that ingenious writers use to adorn tales of the remote future, but it is gravely told in a veracious newspaper. This bioxide of sodium, if it is all it is cracked up to be, will be great stuff for divers, and for submarine boats, and for miners, and hospitals, and slum tenement-houses, schools, theatres, and all crowded places.

◆

LLOYD McKIM GARRISON, of New York, who died on October 4, had won at thirty-three so good a place in a crowded profession, and so distinct a name in a crowded city, that his sudden taking off recalls the deaths of Sherman Hoar and William E. Russell. Like them he was a Harvard graduate, and though he was less in public life than either of them, as a lawyer, a speaker, and a writer he had made his mark so definitely that his death, crushing as a private calamity, has been felt to be also a public loss. He was a son of the editor of the *Nation*, a grandson of Garrison the Abolitionist, a man sympathetic, cheerful, able, upright, of a high spirit, and endowed with a notable gift of speech.

THE story used to be familiar that in the Revolution, when General Marion invited the British officer to stay to dinner, they had potatoes and mustard, and the officer who didn't care for potatoes was invited to help himself to the mustard. The tale is recalled by a Boston despatch which says (probably without authority) that President Eliot has got so far along on his way to the polls as to have made up his mind that he won't vote for McKinley and Roosevelt. The same despatch recorded a report that nearly all the Harvard professors would vote for Bryan; but the Boston *Herald*, which has made careful inquiry, learns that twenty-three members of the Harvard faculty will vote for McKinley, four for Bryan, and twelve undecided. Of the twenty-three McKinley men, ten lack enthusiasm. Of the twelve who are undecided seven say they won't vote the Republican ticket. At least one professor, Dr. John Trowbridge, has become so far reconciled to Destiny as to have observed that the Philippines are so placed as to be of special service to us in meteorological observations. It seems that they are almost exactly under Porto Rico, and Professor Trowbridge says that as soon as we can get Manila and Porto Rico connected by telegraph, various valuable simultaneous observations can be made. He thinks it likely that an electrical earth-throb which manifests itself at Manila will be detected instantly at Porto Rico. We need a belt of stations, he thinks, from Porto Rico to Manila to help us to understand the changes in the magnetism of the globe. So Professor Trowbridge seems to be for expansion. Not so Professor Ladd of Yale, who has been to the Philippines since we undertook the responsibilities of those islands, and thinks we are on the wrong tack. But he won't say that he will vote for Bryan.

◆

IT is announced that the plan for the award of the Nobel prizes has been perfected. It will be recalled that Dr. Nobel left a large fortune to constitute a fund to provide five annual prizes to be awarded without distinction of nationality to the persons who have accomplished during the preceding year the most important work in physical science, chemistry, physiology or medicine, and literature, and to the person who did most to promote peace on earth. December 10 is the anniversary of Dr. Nobel's death, and on that day, annually, at Stockholm, beginning in 1901, the prizes are to be given out. Within six months thereafter each prize-winner is to deliver a public lecture on the subject of his work. In each important country of the world a university, or some other public body, is to be authorized to make proposals of candidates for these prizes.

◆

AN audacious rumor has found its way across the sea and into the American newspapers to the effect that Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*, wants to buy the London *Times*, and that Mr. Walter is disposed to sell it to him. The idea of it leaves the reader gasping, but it is not necessarily incredible. The *Times* is an immense responsibility, and it is possible that Mr. Walter has reasons for desiring to shift it. If he does, it would mean a sale, and the *Times* could only be sold to advantage to some one who has the money to buy it, and who has shown a capacity for managing newspapers. Mr. Harmsworth is the most successful newspaper-maker in England, and he is a man of respectability and character. But his newspaper ideals are so different from those of the *Times* that the idea of "The Thunderer" falling into his hands would naturally send cold chills down the spines of the members of the *Times's* staff, as well as agitate all the first families of Europe.

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THE Messrs. Duke, tobacco manufacturers, of Durham, North Carolina, continue to devote part of their surplus income to Trinity College at Durham. One of them, Mr. Washington Duke, has given $100,000 this month to the endowment fund of the college, making $500,000 that it has received from him within ten years. Other members of the same family are interested in the college, and have given largely to it, and with their backing it promises to become the best endowed college in the South.

◆

PERSONS who have troublesome misgivings about the right of empires to enlarge their boundaries by conquest—*timid* persons, Governor Roosevelt might call them—must envy Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Church his convictions as to the expediency of the greater nations swallowing the less. He is quoted as declaring at the recent Rock River Conference at Chicago that he was glad the Boers had been beaten, since he believed it to be God's will that there should be no small states in the world, and that the whole world should be parcelled out among five or six great empires. These will be, he thinks, the United States of America, extending from Cape Horn to the North Pole, the United States of Europe, the United States of Australia, the Russian Empire, the Indian Empire, and the British Empire. He had other rash hopes, which need not be quoted. It is hoped that if his forecasts reach South America, our neighbors there will not suffer themselves to be more disquieted by them than is warranted by the bishop's importance as a representative American.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

FOUR plays on view now in New York depend so much more on other qualities than their story and action that they might be justly called undramatic in the sense that word is generally understood, although they might more exactly be described as untheatrical, for no understanding of the word dramatic could limit it to the narrow significance which common use allows. They depend more on character, humor, or spectacle than on incident, and may be undramatic to that extent. But it would not be encouraging to deny to the drama the best qualities of James Herne's "Sag Harbor," or, going to the play which represents the other extreme, to say that the pageantry of Richard Mansfield's revival of "Henry the Fifth" was not rightly as much a possession of the drama. That both the plays named, as well as "David Harum" and "The Greatest Thing in the World," are not all deficient in the engrossing theatrical interest, commonly called dramatic, is not to be denied. Yet every one of them has characteristics that would be a credit to any play. In two of them it is the study of character that is made most important. *Captain Dan Marble* and *David Harum* are types equally truthful, although James A. Herne may be dealing with a personage somewhat less pronounced than that which William H. Crane is so successfully incarnating to the delight of Mr. Westcott's readers. Mr. Herne happens to be surrounded by figures more real than any to be found in "David Harum," which is a play of only one character, while "Sag Harbor" enjoys the almost unique distinction of having nearly as many characters as rôles. The play which brought forward Mrs. Le Moyne at Wallack's is built wholly about a mother's love for her sons and one or two other persons, with but a single episode that can claim any absorbing theatrical interest. Probably its authors never intended that it should have more. Richard Mansfield's production of the rarely seen Shaksperean drama will to the greater public depend always on its spectacular beauty and the interest which the personal performance of the chief actor creates. Its nearest approach to what would be called dramatic quality comes from none of the rhetorical stretches of the play nor in the panoramic scenes that sometimes seem to unfold themselves so slowly. It is the pantomimic representation of the king's return to London that marks the climax of the play—so far as its theatrical aspect is concerned.

Mrs. Sol Smith in "Sag Harbor."

* * *

NOT all of these plays have met with equal favor, but they are all interesting. "Sag Harbor" has been seen at the Theatre Republic, which is certainly the most comfortable playhouse that Oscar Hammerstein ever built for New York, and in some respects the most elaborate. But "Sag Harbor," like some of its author's other plays, put its worst foot forward, if the metaphor is allowable, just at the time it should have made the best impression. Consequently it has had to wait for New York to discover its charms rather than hear them proclaimed so soon as it was seen here. The play's first performance here made no decided impression, but it is likely to follow the same course that slowly led "Shore Acres" to success after its merits were gradually recognized. If the same fortunate experience does not befall "Sag Harbor," it will be difficult to understand the reason. Its quiet humor, its natural studies of life in a small Long Island town, its humanity, and the relation between the words and acts of the characters all combine to make the play a specimen of theatrical art of which the American stage may justly be proud. Since the death of Augustin Daly, David Belasco and James Herne represent the best that our theatre accomplishes in stage management. Mr. Belasco is the younger man of the two, but his methods, uncommonly effective as they are, sometimes recall an earlier period of stage art than that which Mr. Herne reveals. He has been doing here for years the same that Antoine and other reformers have been struggling to accomplish abroad. None of them has succeeded better than the American actor in producing the right compromise between the commonplace reproduction of nature and the artistic exaggeration which the theatre demands. "Sag Harbor" shows the life of the fishermen in that village. Two brothers are in love with the same girl. She marries the older, not because she loves him, but from a sense of gratitude and duty. Affection does come to her afterwards, and the younger lover takes another wife. This episode is almost as simple in the acting as in the telling. But it provides sufficient nucleus for the characters that surround it. The delightfully garrulous old woman with her constant reminiscences of her husband, the knowing country dandy, and the other figures in the small life of the community, are all sketched with a whimsicality as faithful to life as it is observant of the best art of the theatre. It would nevertheless be a satisfaction to see the author's skill in sketching character and in realizing it on the stage applied to some other medium than his invariable country types. But "Sag Harbor" is not to be confounded with the ordinary rural plays. It is too near life to be put into that class.

James A. Herne and Marion Abbott in "Sag Harbor."

SARAH
COWELL-LeMOYNE

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"DAVID HARUM" has much more in common with the drama that treats of country life in the highly prosperous way of the "Old Homestead," and like that play its principal character contains nearly every element necessary to assure its popular success. Mr. Crane has never met with a greater personal triumph than his suitability to the character of *David Harum* has brought him. He has realized the hero of a widely read book in a way to make it a typical figure on the stage just as the late John T. Raymond did with Mark Twain's *Colonel Sellers;* and if the theatrical conditions were the same now that they were a score of years ago, *David* would probably remain on the stage longer than the book kept its hold on the public. Edward Noyes Westcott's novel contained nothing but this one character to suggest it to the dramatist even at this time, and in the hands of an actor less suited than Mr. Crane to the rôle *David* might have produced much less effect. But the country banker of the book is on the stage of the Garrick now so true to life that his most distant acquaintance will recognize him and take delight out of the resemblance. All the episodes that reveal this hero's character are in the play. That famous sale of the balky horse, in which *Deacon Perkins* gets the worst of the bargain, introduces *David*, and the *Deacon* is seen later in a fall of real rain struggling against the animal's peculiarities. Nor does the horse-dealing episode end here. Mr. Crane's unctuous laughter during the succeeding acts recalls it. In the second act *David* acquires for himself a reputation for hard-heartedness and parsimony which only adds to the lustre of his generosity in the end, when after his interview with the sorrowing widow of his old friend he discharges her obligations because he had once been taken to the circus by her husband. Thus every trait that made *David* popular in the book is preserved in the play, and the thousands of readers who knew him first in that way will have the unusual experience of finding that in his transfer to the stage the character has not lost all similarity to its original. The shrewd observations in the story come from Mr. Crane with the same truthfulness with which they would have been spoken by the real *David*. The door-yard of the Harum house, the bank, and the drawing-room of the home furnish the scenes which keep the dramatic version of the book in pleasant unison with the impression it created as a story. The love-affairs of *John Lenox* and *Mary Blake* would willingly have been spared by most of the readers who took the greatest delight in the book. They could not have been inspiring to any dramatist. R. and M. W. Hitchcock, who prepared Mr. Westcott's material for the stage, departed from it most in their treatment of these episodes, and the heroine's encounters with *David*, whom she takes for what he seems, were the least successful part of the performance at the Garrick. But Mr. Crane is the dominating figure of the performance to such an extent that nobody feels inclined to find fault with such a successful transfer of his character from the book to the stage. The adapters have supplied his language, and Mr. Crane has produced as no other actor could the necessary resemblance in appearance, manner, voice, and action to the original of the widely read story. And that will delight many an admirer of Mr. Westcott's hero and possibly quite as many who never heard of his work.

W. T. Hodge in "Sag Harbor."

* * *

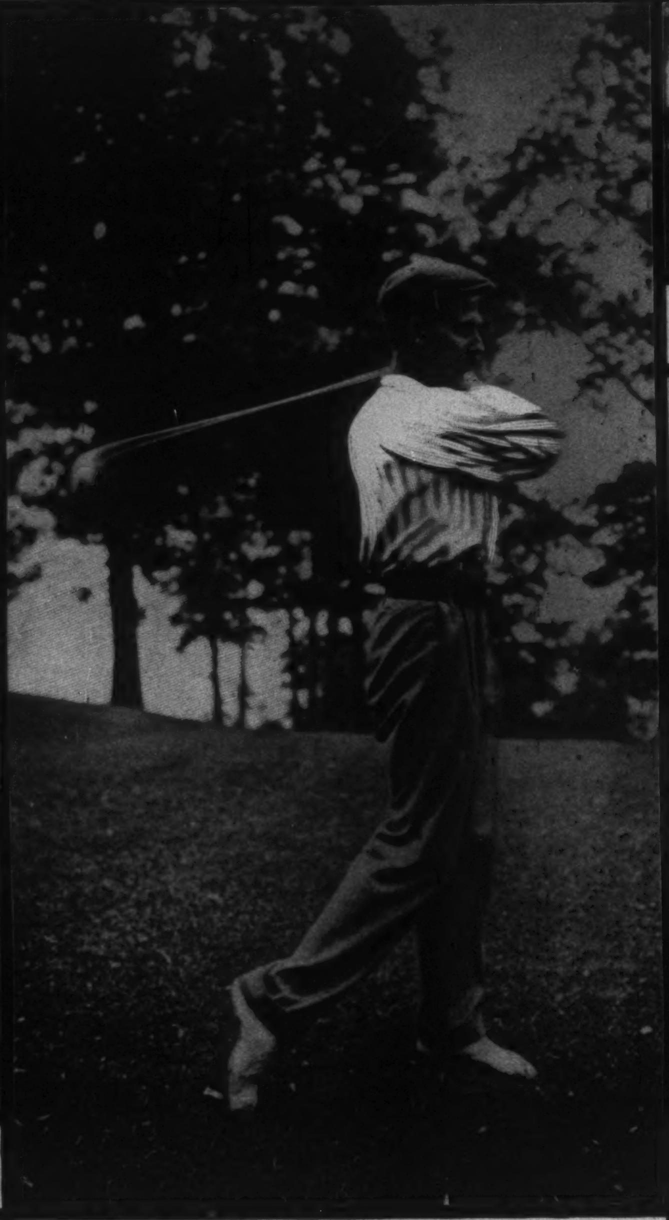
SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE'S talents will probably always be difficult to place in a way that shows them to advantage. When she gained her second great dramatic success in "Catherine," it was in the rôle of an aristocratic mother, and she will necessarily be limited always to parts of that kind. When she became the leading rather than the incidental figure in a play, it was still as a mother, and in "The Greatest Thing in the World" she is concerned once more in the welfare of her son. It is usually thought necessary to create a sentimental interest in every heroine, whatever her age may be, and Mesdames Ford and de Mille have provided two lovers for the widow who might be expected to have her mind fully occupied with her children's affairs. One of them has a taste for liquor, inherited from his father, and he is led into forgery, and by this means into the one stirring scene that this sentimental and wholly feminine play contains. His mother discovers that this weak son has by his dishonesty put himself into the power of his uncompromising guardian. He is one of the mother's suitors, and to save her son's name she consents to marry him, as he has threatened to expose the youth. The culprit listens in hiding and learns of her self-sacrifice. Indignant at the extent of his misdeeds, she upbraids the boy when she discovers him and recounts his injustices to her. He falls on his knees begging her to save him. Then the mother's love asserts itself and she takes the boy to her arms. Mrs. Le Moyne's talents were not revealed in their most dramatic phases except in this scene, and there was little else in the play really worth the employment of such gifts as hers. They were chiefly exhibited in concealing the weaknesses of the piece itself. Few women could have made the same refined and dignified use of such an incident as the feeling of a gray-haired mother for her two suitors, while maternal love was also contrasted with it. Mrs. Le Moyne excels to-day in the qualities that are rarest on the stage. Her delightfully clear and sympathetic diction is possessed by no other actress, and her distinction, refinement, and naturalness are all qualities found rarely, if ever, among actresses in her field, and are seldom met with in any branch of the stage's effort. So the general desire is to see her talents at their best and not put forward in a way that needs any apology. They are not shown in the best light in the new play at Wallack's. But they are before the public, and there is cause for satisfaction in that. Her keen intelligence, artistic taste, and delightful personality could not fail to exercise their charm in an irredeemably poor play. And "The Greatest Thing in the World" scarcely deserves that description.

W. H. Crane.
Copyright, 1900, by E. Chickering.

VARDON'S LAST PUTT.

HERD DRIVING.

TAYLOR DRIVING.



HARRY VARDON, OPEN CHAMPION, 1900.

TAYLOR AND HUTCHINSON.

BELL DRIVING.

VARDON DRIVING.

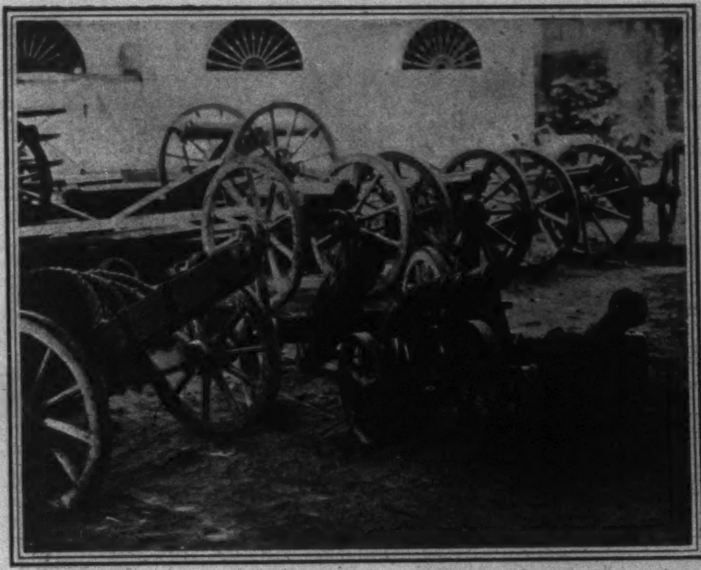
FOLLOWING TAYLOR AND HUTCHINSON.

SMITH DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TEE.

A GROUP OF PLAYERS.

THE SIXTH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES,—CHICAGO GOLF CLUB (WHEATON, ILLINOIS), OCTOBER 4 AND 5, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. TURNER.



CANNONS CAPTURED FROM THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS.

Some of these are old Spanish Muzzle-loaders, while others are constructed of Iron Pipe jacketed with wood.

New York's Mammoth Dry Docks

IN the race to increase the size of the already mammoth mail-steamers which cross the ocean in true rapid-transit fashion, the question of building adequate dry docks for their accommodation has become of paramount importance, especially on this side of the Atlantic, where few such provisions for repairing a disabled vessel have heretofore been found. New York has been the natural port for all the great European mail-steamers, and though they may start at or touch half a dozen different ports in Europe, they all centre toward the American metropolis, and make this the one landing-place for the Western continent. In view of this monopoly of the transatlantic mail system it would seem natural that everything would be done to make the visits and stay of the steamers in our port pleasant and enjoyable; but the humiliating fact has been that if one of the great liners limped into port with broken machinery or hull which necessitated dry-docking for repairs she would receive scant accommodation here. Although one of the principal seaports of the world, New York has been poorly prepared to help a modern mammoth mail-steamer out of any difficulty that might beset her at sea. With inhospitable celerity the disabled steamers have been either sent to some other seaport for repairs or forced to return to the other side in a partially disabled condition.

But one of the awakening signs of the new merchant-marine era is the construction of dry docks, which will remedy the sad state of affairs that has so long prevailed in the principal seaport of our Atlantic coast. The construction of two mammoth dry docks in New York Harbor large enough to accommodate any of the modern ocean steamers is now under way, and when they are completed the largest mail-stamers of the world will find dry-dock facilities to suit them. The dry dock at the foot of Fifty-eighth Street in South Brooklyn will have an extreme length of 700 feet, and it will be capable of accommodating even such big liners as the new *Oceanic*, with its 704 feet over-all. But provision will be made for the steamer of the future, as well as for the highest and largest type now in existence. The dry-dock basin is made 1000 feet long, and when the steamers increase their length three or four additional pontoons can be added to make the docking facilities equal to the new demands. Whether or not the ocean steamers have nearly reached their ultimate size and length, the constructors of the mammoth dry dock in Brooklyn are sufficiently convinced that before many years vessels of 1000 feet in length will enter New York to make provision for accommodating them.

The other dry dock will be constructed at Hoboken, and like the one in South Brooklyn, is to be put up in sections, and here too provisions are being made for ships larger than any now in existence. When completed the Hoboken dock will be 468 feet in length, and capable of accommodating a 500-foot vessel; but another dock of four sections will be built immediately adjoining the first, so that when a vessel of 700 feet or more is to be repaired the two docks can be coupled together. The total length of the dock would then be 800 feet, sufficient to accommodate a vessel considerably longer than this.

The two sectional docks will be made up of immense pontoons, with a lifting capacity of 2500 tons each, therefore adapted to docking large and small vessels. When a vessel of 150 feet is to be docked only two sections need be used, and this will prove an economy in labor and cost of operating the machinery. The electrical pumps which will remove the water from the pontoon sections will have a capacity of 5000 to 6000 gallons of water per minute, and at this rate the dock will be able to raise a steamer in from thirty to forty-five minutes. No finer or better-equipped dry docks will be found in the world, and their existence in the harbor of New York will serve to enhance the value and importance of the city as the great ocean mail-steamship terminal of the continent, if not of the world.

G. E. W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa —[*Adv.*]

SUMMER FEEDING

FOR infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE SERVICE AT YOUR RESIDENCE puts the entire organization of a great city at your fingers' ends. Message Rates. Standard equipment. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, great South American tonic for weak people.—[*Adv.*]

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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Absolutely Clean

In the Schlitz brewery cleanliness is carried to extremes. We do more than is necessary to be certain of doing enough.

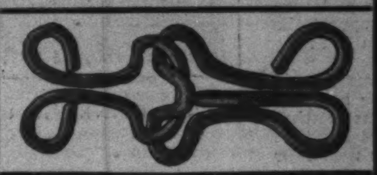
The caldrons in which the beer is brewed are kept scrupulously clean and covered. The air in which the beer is cooled is filtered.

The barrels in which it is stored are cleaned with steam and soda, then glazed with rosin on the inside, then cleaned again. The bottles are cleaned with utmost precaution.

Still we filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle, for the slightest taint of uncleanliness develops in beer and taints the whole product. It is in these ways that Schlitz beer has gained its reputation for purity.

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

SNAP HOOK & EYE



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If your dealer does not keep them, send 10 cents for a sample card. *Say whether white or black.*

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"Worn Inside the Shoe."
Increase Height, Arch the Instep. Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply place in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ⅜ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores.
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Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

THE PROGRESS *of the* CAMPAIGN

THE changes that have taken place in the last few days in the discussion of the issues of the national campaign have been of the nature of an undercurrent. On the Democratic side there has been a constant tendency to shift from one topic to another. On the Republican side the managers assert that they have been trying to meet the arguments of their opponents, but have failed to pin them to definite issues. It is altogether likely that the campaign will close without any complete agreement between the two sides as to what the fighting issues are. Throughout the campaign it has been plain that Mr. Bryan and his associates in the cause of Democracy have not been desirous of discussing free silver. From the Democratic standpoint that issue has played no part whatever in the campaign. The issue of Imperialism, it is agreed generally, has not attracted that support to the Democratic party which its managers hoped it would. As was indicated on this page last week, the Democratic managers are making what is known as a "dead set" for the labor vote. At the present writing there seems to be an impression that this campaign will not bring the results that were hoped for. Mr. Bryan has made another shift in his appeal for votes, and his speeches now have for a key-note an apparent endeavor to stir up the poor against the rich. The Republicans continue to make anti-free silver their great cry, and they make expansion an issue of second rank.

* * *

THE addresses made by Mr. Bryan in Indiana and Illinois in his recent campaign trip are said to have given some of his friends considerable alarm. They certainly have pleased the Republicans. In Indianapolis Mr. Bryan said that the Republicans intended to have forts erected at all the large cities of the country, and to use the standing army to coerce the working-men if the Republican idea of Imperialism was successful. The Republican managers said the mere statement of the hypothesis was enough to bring damage to Mr. Bryan's cause. Mr. Bryan also said at Indianapolis:

"I cannot better describe the complete surrender of the Republican party to the doctrines that underlie monarchies and empires and despotisms than to tell you that when a king dies a Republican President can send a message of condolence, but that when two republics expire no Republican sheds a tear."

On October 8 Mr. Bryan made a speech in Salem, Illinois, his birthplace, in which he made wholesale charges of corruption, saying of the Republican managers:

"They will buy every vote that can be bought. They will coerce every vote that can be coerced. They will intimidate every laboring-man who can be intimidated. They will bribe every election judge that can be bribed. They will corrupt every county that can be corrupted."

At Quincy, Illinois, Mr. Bryan brought up his former reference to the rich enjoying themselves at the sea-shore while the poor have to remain at home and work. He said:

"As I pass along the street, and as I look in the faces of some of the careworn women who never get a chance to take a summer vacation at some pleasant watering-place, I wonder how the husbands and sons of these women find it in their hearts to support the policies which are to-day amassing great wealth in the hands of a few people."

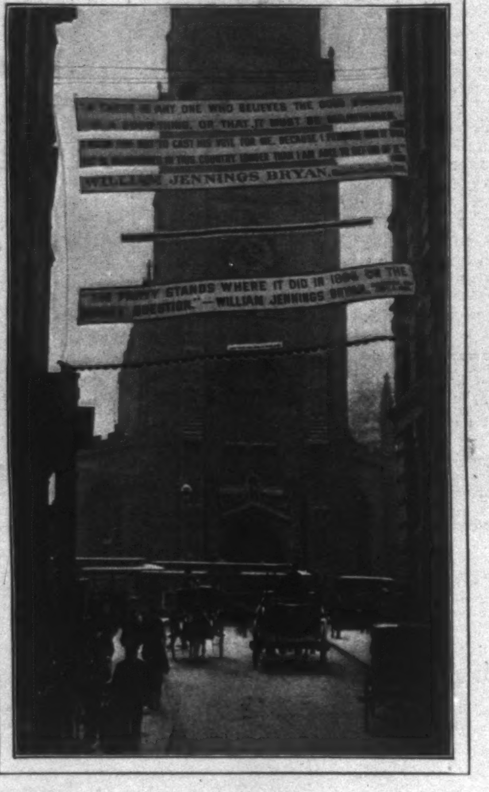
Mr. Bryan, the Republican managers assert, never visited Coney Island in the summer-time to see poor people at the sea-shore there, and they also assert that if Mr. Bryan should be elected the chances are that fewer people will visit the sea-shore in the next four years than in the last four.

The Republicans asserted that these speeches of Mr. Bryan indicated that he had lost heart, and they were backed up in their belief, according to their assertions, by a statement given out in Chicago by the Hon. D. J. Campau, Democratic national committee-man from Michigan. Mr. Campau asserted that not only were the Republicans about to buy the election, but that they were planning to coerce employees on a wholesale scale. He asserted that there was only one way to meet this policy of the Republicans, and that was to establish a national boycott. His plan was "to issue to the Democracy of the United States an address over the signatures of the Democratic National Committee, giving their names, location, and business, and requesting the Democracy and its allies to boycott such firms and corporations on the ground of illegitimate interference in the political affairs of the nation through the coercion of voters."

Senator Hanna said that Mr. Bryan's charges of wholesale corruption were untrue and simply the cry of desperation. Senator Jones, national Democratic chairman, admitted later that his committee had no actual proof of such charges.

* * *

THERE is evidence that the business interests of the country are somewhat alarmed—whether justly or not is another matter—over the possibility of the election of Mr. Bryan. Former Mayor Robert C. Davidson, president of the Baltimore Trust and Guarantee Company, has announced that his company has taken an $11,000,000 deal with the understanding that the contract is not to be binding if Mr. Bryan is elected. Mr. H. M. Aubrey, president of the San Antonio and Brownsville Railroad, has announced that the building of the railroad depends to a great extent upon the success of the Republican ticket. Mr. Aubrey announces that hitherto he has been a Democrat. There was a bank run in Baltimore upon the East branch of the Provident Savings-Bank because of a report that if Mr. Bryan should be elected the savings of the depositors would depreciate 50 per cent. The run was stopped after a few hours of excitement. The Remington-Martin Company of Watertown, New York, which is building a large paper-making plant, has given notice that if Mr. Bryan is elected work on the big plant will be suspended for some time. It was of notices to working-men like this that Mr. Bryan and his campaign managers complained when they talked of coercion. On account of these alleged threats it was said that Mr. Bryan anticipated a large increase in the labor vote for the Democratic ticket.


WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
STANDS WHERE IT DID IN 1896 ON THE
QUESTION."—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE BANNER ACROSS WALL STREET.

Mr. Bryan's trip through southern Indiana lay through what is known as the "Labor Belt." It was asserted that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialistic candidate for President, was making heavy inroads upon the working-man's vote in that district. That Mr. Debs is making an earnest canvass in that district was shown by a letter which he wrote on October 9 to Mayor Jones of Toledo, chiding Mr. Jones with backsliding from his "Golden-Rule" principles and his love for the working-man. Mr. Debs said in this letter:

"With David B. Hill you have declared, if not in words, in deed, which is more conclusive, 'I am a Democrat.' And you are to-day as much a part of the Democratic party as Croker and his Christless gang who are levying blackmail on moral affliction to save 'our republic from Imperialism.'"

* * *

THERE has been a revival of interest in the bets on election. An Albany man has wagered $15,000 against $5000, the money being placed with a New York stock-broker, that Bryan will not carry Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. Another bet was made in Wall Street of $10,000 to $25,000 that Bryan would be elected. It was asserted that the $10,000 Bryan end of the wager belonged to Mr. Croker, but the men concerned immediately in the bet would not admit this. Word was received in New York that the underwriters in Liverpool, England, were wagering 5 1-3 to 1 on McKinley. There have been numerous wagers reported on the result of the election in individual States. A firm in Billings, Montana, has offered $1000 even that McKinley will carry Nebraska. There was an offer in Wall Street of $10,000 even that McKinley's plurality in New York State will be 70,000. Another offer was one of $10,000 to $8000 that Kansas would go Republican. The probable result in Maryland has attracted the attention of men who bet on elections, and a firm in Baltimore has an offer from a client to bet $1000 to $750 that the Republicans would carry the State. A banking firm in Baltimore has announced that it has been commissioned by clients to wager $5000 in various sums at odds of 100 to 90 that McKinley will carry Maryland. A curious bet was reported in Baltimore of $300 to $100 that McKinley would be elected. The man who was wagering the $100 on Bryan made a condition that the money must be paid in gold.

* * *

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has continued his campaign in the Central West, and has drawn the customary large audiences. There were signs that his voice was giving way under the tremendous strain to which it has been subjected, but a short rest in Chicago brought recuperation to it, and it is probable that by husbanding his vocal resources the Governor will be able to keep his speaking engagements for the rest of the campaign. On October 9 Mr. William J. Youngs, the secretary of the Governor, estimated that from September 6 to October 6 Governor Roosevelt had travelled 12,872 miles, had made 290 speeches, and had addressed more than 600,000 persons. Since the last chronicle in these columns the Governor has spoken to monster meetings in Chicago and St. Louis, and has been doing some of the hardest campaign work he has ever known. His name came into especial prominence on Monday, October 8, because of another attempt on the part of hoodlums to insult him. While the Governor was coming out of the Trinity Dutch Reformed Church of Chicago on Sunday morning, October 7, a gang of newsboys lay in wait for him, and in the presence of the congregation, containing many women, assailed him with vile epithets. The incident attracted widespread attention and caused considerable annoyance to the Governor. Some stones that were thrown from an alley in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a few days later, hit the Governor's carriage.

Governor Roosevelt in his speech at Chicago thought it necessary to reply to the arguments of Mr. Carl Schurz on the Philippine question in a very pointed manner. He called attention to the fact that Mr. Schurz said "his blood boiled" over the treatment given to the Filipinos. Governor Roosevelt said that when Mr. Schurz was Secretary of the Interior in Hayes's cabinet the United States had to put down uprisings by the Sioux and Nez-Percés Indians. He declared that the treatment given to these Indians was far more severe than that accorded to the Filipinos. Governor Roosevelt said that Aguinaldo in intelligence and integrity "stands infinitely below" Chief Joseph of the Nez-Percés.

* * *

CHAIRMAN HANNA of the Republican National Committee, it has been announced, is about to start upon an extended tour of South Dakota and Nebraska. Mr. Hanna especially desires to cause the defeat of Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota for reelection. Senator Carter of Montana opposes the move because it may cause sympathy for Mr. Pettigrew. Mr. Hanna is going into Nebraska so as to bring about as much confusion as he can to the Democratic party in that State. One reason why Mr. Hanna's campaign speeches have been potent in the campaign is that his audiences find, generally to their surprise, that he is not a monster in appearance, and does not wear dollar-marks all over his clothes. Instead, he is a very ordinary man, frank and outspoken in manner, and terribly in earnest in his desire for Republican success. Almost invariably, as his audiences leave the building where he has spoken, numerous remarks are heard to the effect that he really is not a monster and is quite a good-looking man.

Mr. Hanna has spoken to the working-men of Chicago on several occasions, and has brought out the fact that he was the first employer of labor on a large scale in Ohio to recognize union labor, and that he has always been on terms of good friendship with his employees. An incident that aroused great attention occurred in a speech that Mr. Hanna was delivering to working-men in Chicago on October 4. Mr. Hanna had made references several times on the stump to the Ice Trust. While he was speaking in a tent at Sixty-fifth and Halsted Streets, a block of ice weighing several pounds was thrown from a tall building near by through the top of the tent. It fell at the Senator's feet, where it broke in pieces. It grazed his shoulder, and had it struck him on the head it probably would have killed him.

* * *

ALL over the country there is much speculation at the present time as to the probable result in this or that State. Mr. Wharton Barker, the nominee of the Middle-of-the-Road Populists for President, gave out an interview in Omaha on October 7 to the effect that McKinley would be elected by reason of the Populist dissatisfaction over Mr. Bryan. Mr. Barker said that the votes that would be polled for him would so reduce Bryan's strength that McKinley would win easily. Mr. Barker asserted that he would poll from 500,000 to 1,000,000 votes, and he estimated the vote of Wooley, the Prohibition nominee for President, at 250,000. He said that he thought that Mr. Debs, the Socialistic candidate, would also poll about 250,000. It is asserted by the Republicans in Nebraska that Mr. Bryan has been urged by the Populists to return to his home at the earliest opportunity because of a fear that the Republicans would carry the State. The Republican national managers are now asserting that they have no fear as to the result in Indiana, placing the estimate of the plurality there at about 20,000 to 25,000.

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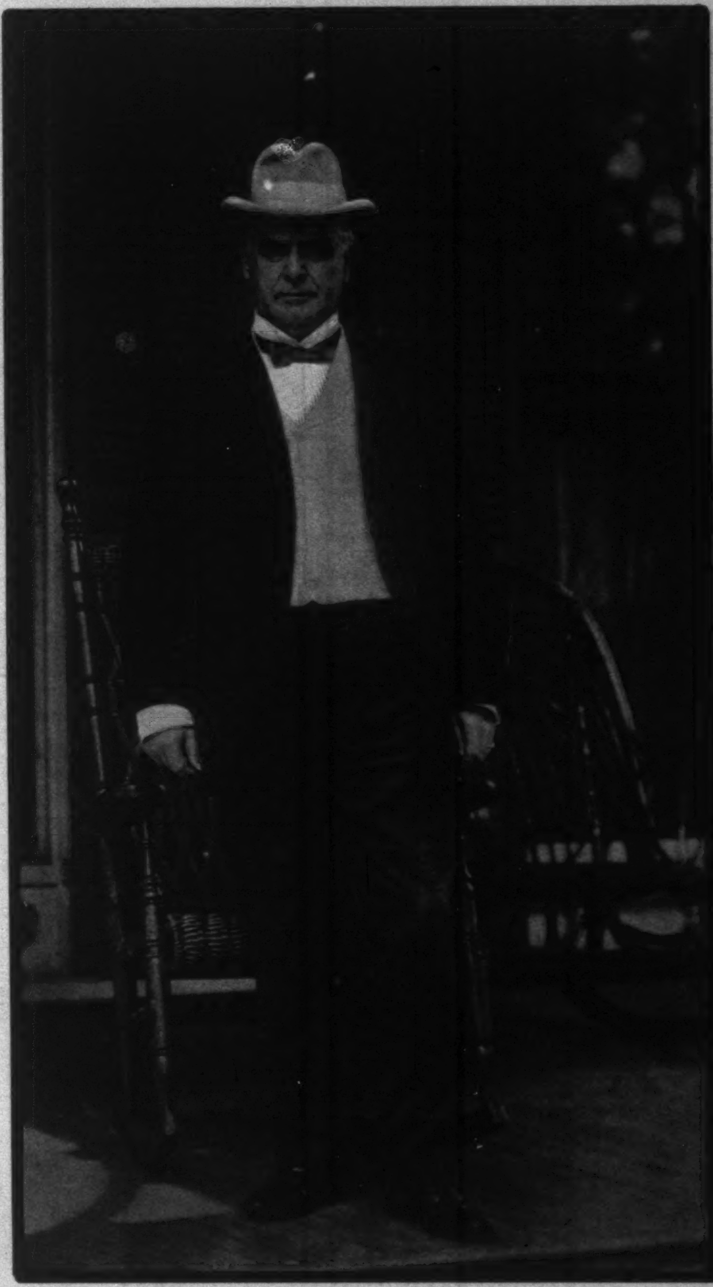

THE PRESIDENT ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOUSE AT CANTON.
Photographed especially for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

STEPHEN CRANE'S story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, which obtained such emotional praise as a clarified and truthful vision of war, is republished by the Appletons. This clever tale makes a rather grotesque thing of war, particularly in the matter of generals. It is no impeachment of the accuracy of Mr. Crane's generals to say that they seem to have been modelled upon the Central Park Bolivar. Like that astonishing piece of statuary, they appear to be the victims of hornets; they bound and writhe in their saddles; and a singularly disjointed and explosive language is put in their mouths to bear out and emphasize the painful idea. Though *The Red Badge*, according to what was so enthusiastically said of it, is the first and only authentic and literal picture and impression of war, Mr. Crane had never beheld war when he invented it. What he saw then was revealed to him by the inner light alone. Later he went to Greece and to the West Indies, and reported war as his physical eyes saw it, but the truth was not to be obtained in this plausible manner, and his reports bore small resemblance to the earlier story. Whether General Shafter and the other generals in Cuba were relieved by Mr. Crane's failure to make them appear like the generals in *The Red Badge* we do not know; we think they ought to have been; but the noticeable thing in the combined business is the great triumph of clairvoyance. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, in a discerning preface, reasonably calls attention to the interest that *The Red Badge* has as a psychological study. "It is," he says, "the analysis of a young recruit's soul, which is as vivid and clear as the finest anatomical dissection, and yet instinct with life and palpitating with emotion." This we believe to be almost the case; the analysis is indeed keen and excellent; but the soul which is analyzed is not really the recruit's soul. How could this recruit have had so much more remarkable a soul than his generals? Samples of Henry Fleming's speech are afforded in the story; let anybody listen as he talks and judge if he really owns the distinguished soul ascribed to him. By any and all of the dialogue in the book there was no such soul in the whole army. Of course *The Red Badge* is a strong story. The descriptions are frankly powerful. The periods are effective, if a good deal labored, and only some of them are rather absurd. "The regiment bled extravagantly. Grunting bundles of blue began to drop"—there are plenty who will like the freedom and the energy of this. Some passages are aimed full at the marrow, and make no concealment of their purpose to be thoroughly disturbing. The account of the dead soldier in the woodland bower or sylvan temple is a notable one of these. If there ever was a more horrible dead soldier, we have never heard of him. "The majesty of he who dares" is one of the several grammatical peculiarities which curiously mark this justly famous work, and "whom he knew to be him" is another.

A clever story of Bath, of the Pump-Room and Orange Grove, of the Crescents and Gay Street and Queen Square, in those brave and dubious days when the men dressed almost as handsomely as the women and wit was cultivated in conversation, when the women painted and wore patches and drank chocolate in bed in the morning, when there were snuffers and snuff-boxes and rapiers and duels and post-chaises and link-boys and Sedan chairs, may be found by the faithful reader in *The Bath Comedy*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The faithful reader who finds it will be compensated. He will be added inevitably to the list of the lovers of the widow Kitty Bellairs, who already in the story has demonstrated a definite inclination for lovers, and provided herself

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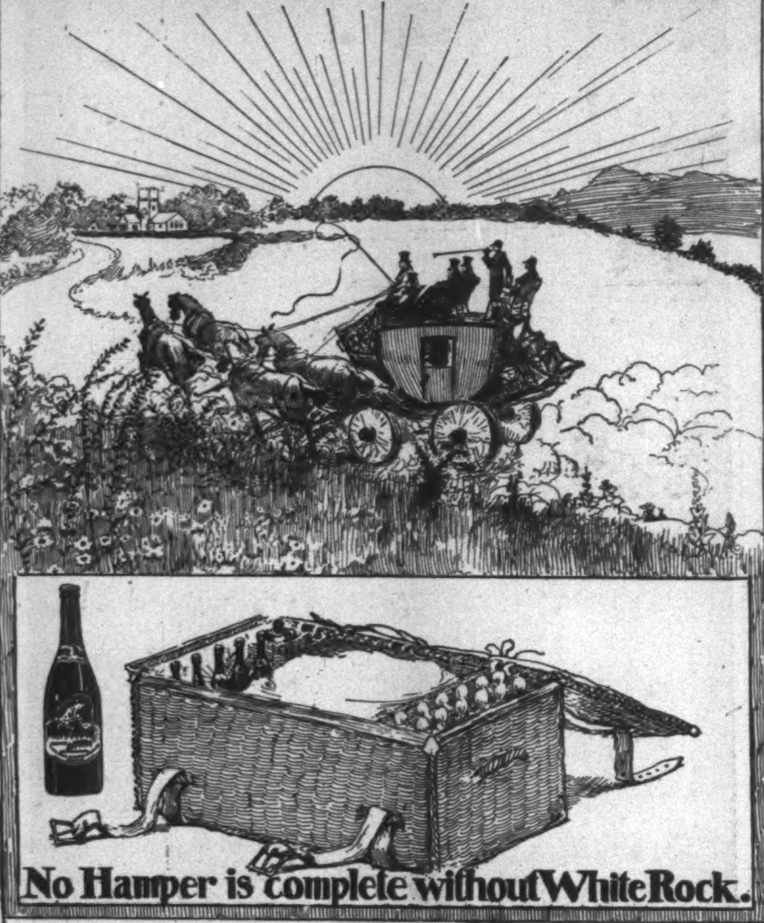
with the considerable number of thirty-eight. When it is said that Mr. Bellairs, her husband, declared to her with his last breath, at the age of sixty-nine, that it was she who had given to him all the joy he had ever known, it will be surmised that she was a woman of no ordinary fascinations; and indeed it is probable—and men, as they value the advantage of a cool and empty heart, will be grateful for the probability—that there were few like her. It was the busy head of Mrs. Bellairs, quite unhindered by her unscrupulous heart, which provided the very generous and complicated comedy here set forth. All her dupes were singularly ready to assist her, of course for the reason that they did not know they were dupes until that proper moment when the great and splendid illumination of the meaning of the comedy was allowed to break over them. They took it pretty well, considering how poignantly they had been hurt. Mr. Denis O'Hara, who had travelled for some miles with Mrs. Bellairs in a post-chaise under the impression that he was eloping with her, knocked up a strong brandy punch and pronounced a eulogy upon it, employing a fine Irish art in both performances, and sorrow was treated like the puppies which it is not wished to save.

Mr. George Clarke Musgrave says in the introduction to his book, *In South Africa with Buller* (Little, Brown, & Co., Boston), that "the dust and heat of South Africa do not inspire a literary style," and that "chapters written on horseback, after sixteen hours in the saddle, lack the polish bestowed by writers reclining in comfort and clean linen." Somebody once spoke of the barren sands of style, and of the wrecks strewn upon them, and it is true that a great many have made the mistake of affording style and nothing else. Bearing in mind a plenty that must have been written in comfortable circumstances, we find no reason to think that the comfort of a writer is an assurance that he will be interesting; and as for any connection between style and clean linen, we remember that the great Dr. Johnson's shirt, according to Macaulay, ought to have been in the wash. Mr. Musgrave's book is all right. The heat of South Africa is in it, as it should be; but not the dust. This is a book of much clearness, and particularly is Mr. Musgrave's opinion of the Transvaal Boers and their republic quite unmistakable. Of course a historian must have feelings in regard to events which transact themselves immediately around him, and of course an Englishman who accompanied General Buller's army could not be expected to take an absolutely detached and emotionless view of the questions involved in the war. Mr. Musgrave thinks that the republic run by Mr. Kruger was a very queer specimen, as do many who hate tyranny and approve of liberty and pray that some day they may be as warm as Mr. Webster Davis or Mr. Bourke Cochran with love of the republican idea. One might think from the title that this was a record of personal experiences, but it is not that. It is a story of the war and its causes, and it is a good one, plainly and vigorously told, downright in its criticisms, and keen for the interesting points. It has praise for Buller and for the British officers generally, praise for Joubert and for Botha, and the other thing for Cronje. Of Cronje it says that he was as subtle as *Iago* and as treacherous as Judas; that he has, indeed, "the dogged pluck of a brute beast," but that his style of heroism is not inspiring and his career not creditable. Even Mrs. Cronje, though faithful, is declared to have had weaknesses, for it is said that "she followed her husband to captivity grimly clinging to a black silk dress stolen from Lady Wilson while a prisoner in the Mafeking laager." It will be remembered how much noisy blame there was of Methuen. Here it is said that Wolseley successfully pursued similar tactics at Tel-el-Kebir and was hailed as a hero, and that it was because Methuen failed that he was execrated. The scorn of the "street tactician" was poured out upon him because he made a frontal attack, but circumstances made it impossible for him to undertake a détour. His critics, Mr. Musgrave says, who offer him as proof of the effete aristocracy of the British army, should see "St. Paul" Methuen, as he is sometimes called, earnestly conducting his class of young men in the East End slums. He fervently adds, "Would that all lords were like him!" There is, Mr. Musgrave says, as little favoritism in the British as there is in the United States army, and social butterflies who get in have to pass an examination as rigorous as any in the world. Carlyle wrote of British officers who were "without knowledge of war or fear of death," but they, to be sure, were of the days when commissions were purchased. The inquiry of the United States military attaché at Colenso, "Was there no way round?" was a fruitful text for the civilian tacticians; here it says that the attack was planned according to text-book, but that the task was impossible. "The relief of Ladysmith," says Mr. Musgrave, "was a stupendous feat, and though the popular idol of the hour, Lord Roberts, is reaping most of the credit, with the deserved praise for his own success, history will record in Buller's favor." He adds: "Before you attempt to criticise Buller, study a map of Natal and read Bloch." Still, Bloch, as we remember, found some difficulty in providing Lord Roberts with passes to Pretoria. The Boers are very frankly disliked by Mr. Musgrave. They knew from their Bible, he says, that they were the Lord's anointed. The Old Testament was their guide, though they overlooked the hygienic laws which were enforced in the camp of Israel. They have a hangdog expression and a shifty eye. The Hollander in South Africa retains the cleanly habits of his race. His farm is the picture of neatness. But the Boer fences in as much land as he can get, throws up a shanty, and is content. The refuse of years is scattered over his ranch, and his stoop commands a muck-heap. The incidents of General Buller's slow and disastrous advance are strongly described here. The "Tugela Ferryman" studied in bitterness the map of Natal which Mr. Musgrave recommends to the consideration of his civilian critics. He was a very popular soldier when he finished with the Zulus and until he entered upon this campaign. He is still immensely popular with his army, Mr. Musgrave tells us; and perhaps, after all, his army, who have also studied the map of Natal, are as well qualified as some others to pronounce upon his case.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Mr. Dooley*

NO. XLII.—ON THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

THE troubled Mr. Hennessy had been telling Mr. Dooley about the difficulty of making a choice of school for Parcky Hennessy, who at the age of six was at the point where the family must decide his career.

"'Tis a big question," said Mr. Dooley, "an' wan that seems to be worryin' th' people more thin it used to whin ivry boy was designed f'r th' priesthood, with a full undherstandin' be his parents that th' chances was in favor iv a brick-yard. Nowadays they talk about th' edycation iv th' child befure they choose th' name. 'Tis: 'Th' kid talks in his sleep. 'Tis th' fine lawyer he'll make.' Or: 'Did ye notice him admirin' that photygraph? He'll be a great journalist.' Or: 'Look at him fishin' in Uncle Tim's watch-pocket. We must thrain his f'r a banker.' Or: 'Im afraid he'll niver be sthrong enough to wurruk. He must go into th' Church.' Befure he's baptized, too, d'ye mind. 'Twill not be long befure th' time comes whin th' soggarth 'll christen th' infant, 'Judge Pathrick Aloysius Hinnissy, iv th' Northern District iv Illinye,' or, 'Profissor P. Aloysius Hinnissy, L.L.D., S.T.D., P.G.N., iv th' faculty iv Nothre Dame.' Th' innocent child in his cradle, wondherin' what ails th' mist iv him, an' where he got such funny lookin' parents fr'm, has thim to blame that brought him into th' wurruld if he dayvilops into a sicond-shtory man befure he's twinty-wan an' is took up be th' polis. Why don't you lade Parcky down to th' occylist an' have him fitted with a pair iv eye-glasses? Why don't ye put goloshes on him, give him a blue umbrelly, an' call him a doctor at wanst an' be done with it? To my mind, Hinnissy, we're wastin' too much time thinkin' iv th' future iv our young, an' thryin' to larn thim in school what they oughtn't to know till they've growed up. We sind th' childher to school as if 'twas a summer garden where they go to be amused instead iv a pinitinchry where they're sint f'r th' original sin. Whin I was a la-ad I was put at me ah-bee, abs, th' first day I set fut in th' school behind th' hedge, an' me head was sore inside an' out befure I wint home. Now th' first thing we larn th' future Mark Hannas an' Jawn D. Gateses iv our naytion is waltzin', singin', an' cuttin' pitchers out iv a book. We'd be much betther teachin' thim th' sthrangle hold, f'r that's what they need in life.

"I know what 'll happen. Ye'll sind Parcky to what th' Germans calls a Kindygartin, an' 'tis a good thing f'r Germany, because all a German knows is what some wan tells him, an' his grajation papers is a certy-ficate that he don't need to think anny more. But we've inthrajooced it into this counthry, an' whin I was down seein' if I cud injooce Rafferty th' janitor iv th' Isaac Muggs Grammar-School f'r to vote f'r Riordan—an' he's goin' to—I dhropped in on Cassidy's daughter, Mary Ellen, an' see her kindygartnin'. Th' childher was settin' ar-round on th' flure, an' some was moldin' dachshunds out iv mud an' wipin' their hands on their hair, an' some was carvin' figures iv a goat out iv pasteboard, an' some was singin', an' some was sleepin', and a few was dancin', an' wan la-ad was pullin' another la-ad's hair. 'Why don't ye take

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* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

th' coal-shovel to that little barbaryan, Mary Ellen?' says I. 'We don't believe in corporeal punishment,' says she. 'School shud be made pleasant f'r th' childher,' she says. 'Th' child whose hair is bein' pulled is larnin' patience,' she says, 'an' th' child that's pullin' th' hair is discovrin' th' footility iv human indeavor,' says she. 'Well, oh well,' says I, 'times has changed since I was a boy,' I says. 'Put thim through their exercises,' says I. 'Tommy,' says I, 'spell cat,' I says. 'Go to th' divvle,' says th' cheerub. 'Very smartly answered,' says Mary Ellen. 'Ye shud not ask thim to spell,' she says. 'They don't larn that till they go to colledge,' she says, 'an',' she says, 'sometimes not even thin,' she says. 'An' what do they larn?' says I. 'Rompin',' she says, 'an' dancin',' she says, 'an' indepindance iv speech, an' beauty songs, an' sweet thoughts, an' how to make home homelike,' she says. 'Well,' says I, 'I didn't take anny iv thim things at colledge, so ye needn't unblanket thim,' I says. 'I won't put thim through anny exercise to-day,' I says. 'But whisper, Mary Ellen,' says I. 'Don't ye niver feel like bastin' th' seeraphims?' 'Th' teachin's iv Freebull an' Pitzotly is conthrary to that,' she says. 'But I'm goin' to be marrid an' lave th' school on Choosdah, th' twinty-sicond iv Janooary,' she says, 'an' on Mondah, th' twinty-first I'm goin' to ask a few iv th' little darlin's to th' house an',' she says, 'stew thim over a slow fire,' she says. Mary Ellen is not a German, Hinnissy.

"Well, afther they have larned in school what they ar-re licked f'r larnin' in th' back yard—that is, squashin' mud with their hands—they're conducted up through a channel iv free an' beautiful thought till they're r-ready f'r colledge. Mamma packs a few doylies an' tidies into son's bag, an' some silver to be used in case iv throuble with th' landlord, an' th' la-ad throts off to th' siminary. If he's not sthrong enough to look f'r high honors as a middle-weight pugilist he goes into th' thought departmint. Th' prisidint takes him into a Turkish room, gives him a cigareet, an' says: 'Me dear boy, what special branch iv larnin' wud ye like to have studied f'r ye be our compitint profissors? We have a chair iv Beauty, an' wan iv Puns, an' wan iv Pothry on th' Changin' Hues iv th' Settin Sun, an' wan on Platonic Love, an' wan on Nonsense Rhymes, an' wan on Sweet Thoughts, an' wan on How Green Grows th' Grass, an' wan on th' Relations iv Ice to th' Greek Idee iv God,' he says. 'This is all ye'll need to equip ye f'r th' perfect life, onless,' he says, 'ye intind bein' a dintist, in which case,' he says, 'we won't think much iv ye, but we have a good school where ye can larn that disgraceful thrade,' he says. An' th' la-ad makes his choice, an' ivry mornin' whin he's up in time he takes a whiff iv hasheesh an' goes off to hear Profissor Maryanna tell him that 'if th' dates iv human knowledge must be rejicted as subjictive, how much more must they be subjicted as rejictive if, as I think, we keep our thoughts fixed upon th' inanity iv th' finite in comparison with th' onthinkable truth with th' ondivided an' onimaginable reality! Boys, ar-re ye with me?'

"That's at wan colledge—Th' Colledge iv Speechless Thought. Thin there's th' Colledge iv Thoughtless Speech, where th' la-ad is larned that th' best thing that can happen to annywan is to be prisidint iv a railroad consolidation. Th' head iv this colledge believes in thrainin' young men f'r th' civic ideel, Father Kelly tells me. Th' on'y thrainin' I know f'r th' civic ideel is to have an alarm clock in ye'er room on iliction day. He believes young men shud be equipped with Courage, Discipline, an' Loftiness iv Purpose; so I suppose Parcky, if he wint there, wud listen to lectures fr'm th' Profissor iv Courage an' Erasmus H. Noddle, Doctor iv Loftiness iv Purpose: I loft, ye loft, he lofts. I've always felt we needed some wan to teach our young th' Courage they can't get walkin' home in th' dark an' th' Loftiness iv Purpose that doesn't start with bein' hungry an' lookin' f'r wurruk. An' in th' colledge where these studies ar-re taught it's undhershtud that even betther thin gettin' th' civic ideel is bein' head iv a thrust.

"I don't undherstand a wurrud iv what ye're sayin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No more do I," said Mr. Dooley. "But I believe 'tis as Father Kelly says: 'Childher shudden't be sint to school to larn, but to larn how to larn.' I don't care what ye larn thim so long as 'tis onpleasant to thim. 'Tis thrainin' they need, Hinnissy. That's all. I nivir cud make use iv what I larned in colledge about thrigojoomethry an'—an'—grammar; an' th' welts I got on th' skull fr'm th' schoolmaster's cane I have niver been able to tur-rn to anny account in th' business, but 'twas th' bein' there an' havin' to get things to heart without askin' th' meanin' iv thim, an' goin' to school cold an' comin' home hungry, that made th' man iv me ye see befure ye."

"That's why th' good woman's throubled about Parcky," said Mr. Hennessy.

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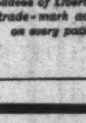

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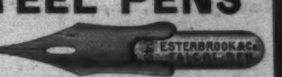

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THE drain of money from the New York banks to the West and South has continued until their surplus reserves approach the vanishing-point. The process is a perfectly legitimate one, as the legal limit of 25 per cent. of deposits is regarded as a safe one against contingencies, and the surplus is an extra margin voluntarily maintained by the banks. If the legal reserve is trenched upon on occasion, there is no harm. That is what a reserve of idle funds is for. In no other country is a rigid legal limit established.

The effect of the drain has been to stiffen rates for loans, and money on call has ranged about 3 per cent. instead of 2, and has even touched 4, while time loans have ruled at 5 per cent., all the way from sixty days to six months, and commercial paper has got up to 6 per cent. At the same time foreign exchange has been weakening, and sterling bills have gone down to a point that invites the import of gold. This is due to an accumulation of bills drawn upon London for payments on account of breadstuffs and cotton shipped abroad in large quantities, and, so far as cotton is concerned, at high prices. This adds to our credits on the other side, which have been heavy for some time, and while money rates are hardening and promising to advance here, they are easier in London and Berlin. This tends to force payments from abroad in cash, and the necessity for that is what makes it profitable to import gold, for the transaction is one conducted by bankers for their own profit and not a direct payment by individual debtors.

The Bank of England is reluctant to part with gold, for its reserve has been heavily drawn upon of late, and it has put its price for American eagles and bars pretty near the limit so as to hold them, but it thus far refrains from advancing its discount rate, which is still at 4 per cent. The easier money-market would be against an advance in the bank rate unless it was deemed a necessity to protect the reserve, which has fallen in three weeks from above 50 per cent. to below 40 per cent. of the liabilities. In point of fact engagements were made for the shipment of £50,000 in gold from London and 1,000,000 francs from Paris to New York last week. This shows a pressure for settlement of some of the foreign indebtedness, for the need of the gold for banking or currency use is not felt here. The Bank of France is carrying a very heavy reserve, $460,000,000 in gold coin and bullion and nearly half as much in silver, and it seems to be desirous of keeping it. It has added about $75,000,000 to its stock of gold in the last year, while that at the other European capitals has diminished. It has a certain advantage in the nominal bimetallism of France, for it cannot be compelled to pay out its gold, but has the option of offering silver. It has kept its discount rate at 3 per cent. for some months, and its note issues are very elastic. At Berlin there is less uneasiness than for some time past.

As part of the effect of our heavy credits abroad and the depression in foreign exchange, American securities have been selling in considerable volume in London and Berlin, or in New York on their account. Northern Pacific has been particularly affected, as its securities have been largely held in Germany, and have been slightly depressed by a decrease in earnings recently. This has also affected the Great Northern and other granger lines which traverse the Northern wheat region, where the crop was impaired by drought. Some other railroads show decreased earnings, particularly those largely engaged in carrying iron and steel, and the anthracite coal roads, but on the whole railroad reports continue to show favorable results. The expected awakening in the steel industries is rather slow in coming. There are sporadic reports of new orders for cars, rails, and structural steel, but no general movement forward, and prices are still unsettled.

Expectations of an early settlement of the anthracite coal strike were disappointed, and under the persistent efforts of the United Mine Workers the stoppage was carried through the whole region. All the large companies posted an offer to advance wages 10 per cent. and submit other questions to arbitration between themselves and their own employees, and most of the independent operators fell into the same line of action. This did not bring the men back in any case, but led the president of the United Mine Workers to call a convention of the miners to be held at Scranton to consider the matter of settling the strike on the basis presented.

There has been a little more life on the New York Stock Exchange, but the outside public has not been drawn in to any great extent.